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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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APRIL, 1824.  
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*SIGNOR GIOACCHINO ROSSINI.*

WE feel that we are only complying with the wishes of a great majority of our fair readers, in presenting to them a brief and well-authenticated memoir of the above celebrated composer, whose fame has resounded throughout the civilized world, and whose present residence in this metropolis, is the subject of general congratulation among all true lovers of music.

Gioacchino Rossini was born at Pesaro, on the 29th of February, 1792. His father was an inferior performer on the French horn, and formed one among those strolling companies of musicians who, to gain a livelihood, attend the fairs of some of the small towns in the vicinity of Romagna. His mother, who was considered one of the prettiest women of Romagna, possessed considerable talents. In 1799, the parents of young Rossini took him from Pesaro to Bologna, but it was not till three years afterwards that he began to study music. His first master was D. Angelo Tesei. In the course of a few months, young Rossini was sufficiently far advanced to be able to sing in churches. His pleasing voice, and youthful vivacity of manners, gained him many friends among the priests. Under professor Tesei, he became a tolerable proficient in singing, in the art of accompanying, and in the rules of counterpoint. In 1804, he was capable of singing, at first sight, any piece of music that was placed before him, and the greatest hopes were entertained of his future excellence.

In the autumn of the same year, he quitted Bologna, to make the musical tour of Romagna. He took his place at the piano, as director of the orchestra at Lugo, Ferrara, and other small towns. On the 20th of March, 1807, young Rossini entered the Lyceum of Bologna, and received lessons in music from *Padre Stanislao Mattei*. In the following year, he had made so considerable a progress, as to be able to compose a symphony, and a cantata, entitled, "*Il Pianto d'Armonia*." Immediately after this his first essay in vocal music, he was chosen Director of the *Concordi*, a musical society, which then held its meetings in the Lyceum at Bologna.

In 1809, Rossini composed his first opera entitled, "*Demetrio et Polibio*," which was not, however, performed till three years afterwards; and such was the progress he had made, that at the age of nineteen, he was chosen to direct, as head of the orchestra, the "*Four Seasons*" of Haydn, which were executed at Bologna. About this period, he was sent to Venice, where he composed for the theatre *San-Mose*, an opera of one act, entitled, "*La Cambiale di Matrimonio*." After a very flattering success, he returned to Bologna. In the autumn of the year 1811, he produced "*L'Equivoco Stravagante*." The following year he went again to Venice, and composed for the carnival his beautiful piece entitled "*L'Inganno Felice*."

The same year the patrons of Rossini procured him an engagement at Ferrara; and during the latter part of it, he composed an oratorio, entitled "*Ciro in Babilonia*," a work containing many beauties. After this Rossini was again invited to Venice, where he successively composed three operas, the last of which was his far-famed "*Tancrèdi*." He next went to Milan, where he composed his great piece, "*La Pietra del Paragone*," (the touchstone,) which is considered by many as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Rossini in the buffa style. After obtaining much distinguished success at Milan, he revisited Pesaro and his family, to whom he is warmly attached. The only person with whom he has been known to correspond is his mother, and his letters to her are thus singularly addressed—"To the most honoured Signora Rossini, mother of the celebrated master in Bologna."—Thus, half in

jest, half in earnest, he makes an avowal of the glory which surrounds him, deriving happiness from the effects produced by his genius, upon a people the most sensitive in Europe; and intoxicated with the voice of praise from his very cradle, he believes implicitly in his own celebrity, and cannot see why a man, gifted like himself, should not rank in the same degree as a general in the army, or a minister of state. "They have gained a great prize in the lottery of ambition!" he has been heard to say, "and I have gained a great prize in the lottery of nature."

Rossini next went to Bologna, where the enthusiasm of the public again awaited him. Here he received offers from almost every town in Italy. Every director of a theatre was required, as a *sine qua non*, to bring forward an opera from the pen of Rossini. Having terminated his engagements at Bologna, he accepted an offer made him at Milan, whither he repaired in the spring of 1814. He there composed his "*Aureliano in Palmira*." In spite of many beauties it proved unsuccessful. This was Rossini's first failure. However he made another effort in the autumn of the same year, and produced the "*Turco in Italia*," which at first was but coolly received; but being reproduced with greater effect, four years afterwards, it was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

Towards the close of 1815, Rossini entered into an engagement for seven years with the director of the theatres of *San Carlo* and *Del Fondo*, at Naples. His duties were, to compose two new operas every year; and to arrange the music of all the operas, which the director might produce, at both theatres. In consideration of these services, he was to receive 12,000 francs per annum, with other advantages. The musical direction of these two theatres, which Rossini had undertaken without a moment's reflection, was an immense task. The quantity of music he was obliged to transcribe, and arrange, according to the compass of voice of the different singers, was almost incredible. The gay and daring character of Rossini, however, carried him through every obstacle. He made his *débüt* at Naples in the most brilliant manner with the serious opera of "*Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra*."

During the Carnival of 1816, Rossini was called to Rome,



where he composed his *chef-d'œuvre*, the "*Barbiere di Sevil-  
lia*," and other pieces. After meeting with the greatest suc-  
cess, he returned to Naples in the following spring, and re-  
commenced his labours with fresh spirit. The opera of  
"*Otello*," was his next effort, and was hailed with rapturous  
applause.—In the following year we find him again at Rome  
during the Carnival, from whence he proceeded to Milan,  
where he composed the celebrated "*La Gazza Ladra*." Al-  
though the public of Milan had been greatly piqued at Ros-  
sini's quitting them for Naples, yet never was a piece re-  
ceived with greater enthusiasm. At every instant, the pit  
arose *en masse*, to hail Rossini with acclamations. Crowned  
with fresh laurels, he returned to Naples in the autumn of  
the same year, and immediately gave his *Armida*. This  
was shortly afterwards followed by "*Mosé in Egitto*," the  
opera known with us by the title of "*Pietro L'Eremita*."  
It was performed, in the first instance, as a kind of oratorio,  
during the Lent season. The success of this opera was im-  
mense. It was the first for which Rossini was remunerated  
in a suitable manner, having produced him 4200 francs.

On the 28th of December, 1822, Rossini quitted Naples for  
Bologna, and was married to Signora Colbran, on the 15th of  
March following. The ceremony took place at Castenaso,  
near Bologna, where the lady has a country-seat. A few  
days afterwards, they proceeded to Vienna, where Rossini had  
accepted an engagement. With the fortune he has acquired  
by this marriage, and the prospects before him, Rossini now  
bids fair to be one of the richest composers in Europe.

On the 30th of March, 1823, Rossini made his *débüt* at  
Vienna, with the opera of "*Cenerentola*." "*Zelmira*," had  
had been promised first, but as the former had already been  
adapted to German words, and had been performed at Vienna  
under a different title, Rossini wished to pay a compliment  
to the German taste, by allowing this opera to take the pre-  
cedence, and to be given by the German company. At  
length his promised *Zelmira* was produced. He attended to  
all the arrangements of the opera, but declined presiding  
at the piano, excusing himself with a well-turned compli-  
ment to the orchestra, expressing his confidence that his  
music was perfectly safe in their hands, and did not require



his interference. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which this opera was received. Not only the master, but also the singers, were called for at the close of the piece, to receive the congratulations of the audience. The next opera that followed was "*La Gazza Ladra*," the favourite overture to which was greeted with tumultuous applause. It was speedily succeeded by others, but *Zelmira* remained the principal attraction, and held its course triumphantly through the whole season.

During the Carnival of 1823, Rossini was engaged at Venice, from whence he proceeded to Paris, and afterwards to London, where he is now receiving the homages of all the true lovers of music, in this great capital. Soon after his arrival in this country, he was introduced to his Majesty, at Brighton, and honoured by the most flattering marks of attention.

As may be expected from a man of his genius, Rossini is exceedingly well-bred, of most agreeable manners, and very gentlemanly appearance; he is also possessed of great gaiety of character, and full of wit and humour. The societies into which he has been introduced have been charmed with his vivacity, joined to perfectly unassuming manners, which have nothing of the pride of the master, or the pedantry of the school.

Rossini has a wonderful talent for mimicking all who come in his way. He is in the habit of exciting much innocent merriment, by imitating the manners and gestures of such of his friends as are remarkable for any simplicity or peculiarity. He is also a composer of verses, and has frequently furnished the poet with many useful hints, both with regard to sentiment and situation. He is full of drollery, even when he himself is the subject. When he has finished an air, he will declaim it before his friends that surround the piano, in all the burlesque of passion, adapting it to ridiculous verses composed on the spur of the moment. He then bursts into a hearty laugh, exclaiming, "In two years, this will be sung from Barcelona to St. Petersburg: what a triumph for music!" On one occasion, when a friend was reckoning the number of theatres on which his operas were performing at the same moment, and had enumerated seventeen in Italy, and seven out of it, viz. London, Vienna, Berlin, Lisbon, Barcelona,

&c. Rossini exclaimed with delight—"I am the youngest and the most fortunate of composers."

We have been favoured with a correct list of all the pieces brought out by this distinguished composer, but as we have already indicated some of the principal, in the course of this memoir, our limits will not allow us to add to the number.

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### THE HAT IN JEOPARDY.

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THERE was a curious hearing, in the Court of Conscience, Dublin, in which a Mr. Condon, was plaintiff, and Mr. Charles, the celebrated magician, was defendant. Plaintiff stated, that he sought to recover thirty shillings, the value of a hat spoiled by defendant; that going with another gentleman to Mr. Charles's exhibition in Grafton-street, his friend, who had some knowledge of these matters, puzzled the magician, and gave him some annoyance; on which Mr. Charles gave to each of them "a fresh egg," keeping another himself; at the same time saying, that if they could do exactly as he did, three hot omelets should be produced for the company; he then broke the egg, and poured the contents into his hat, desiring them to do so with their hats, which they did, (here the gravity of the magistrate had to struggle with his risible faculties;) and on turning their hats up, their hands and sleeves were all bespattered, to their great annoyance, while Mr. Charles suffered no inconvenience, but produced his omelet.—Judge—"Mr. Charles, will you have the goodness to go through the experiment here, for the benefit of the company." Mr. Charles bowed assent, amidst peals of laughter. Plaintiff said, that this was no treatment for a gentleman, and that the public were concerned in such an outrage as this of Mr. Charles's; and that he walked home at night without a hat. Sir John, with great good humour, then turned to Mr. Charles, and asked what he had to say to all this? "My Lor, I am sorry you and I are troubled with such a silly ding as dis is; Sir Garrick Neville, I am told, dismiss dis worthy jantleman yesterday; saying much laughter, and advising him to keep de secret,

and mind de advice of Sancho Panza, 'The more you, &c.'  
My Lor, in de language of your greatest poet,

'By your leave, I shall a round unvarnish'd tale relate  
Of all, what drugs, what charms,  
What conjurations and what mighty magic,  
I stain'd this hat withal.'

(*Loud laughter.*)

Dis jantleman came wid his friend to my exhibition; they den appear to know every ding, so well as myself, and den I thinks I vill try them; there was a much large fashionable company; my performances, either in science or slight of de hand, may be acquired; my tricks are all much easy—any body can do dem—dat is—when dey know how (*loud laughter*). My Lor, 'tis no laugh; you remember Columbus's egg; he say, 'I will make dis egg stand on end.' He, too, was laugh at, but he tap de end on de table, and de ding was done! Why did not the jantlemen do as I did? Where is de other jantleman? He have more sense than because he have vex himself, and been laugh at, to come and vex at and laugh at me."—Plaintiff—"This is all nonsense, sir; you ought to apologise.—Mr. Charles—"Apologise, for what? Here is your hat (taking it out of a handkerchief;) you state it is spoil, you throw it at me on my stage, and den you say you go home uncovered; where is it injured (blowing on the hat) here, myLor, where is it injured?"—Judge—"Who knows, Mr. Condon, but the hat is improved by this magic: it does not appear to me to be injured; you should have got Mr. Charles to blow on the hat before."—Mr. Condon—"Why did he not offer to do so? Mr. Charles—"Let him take his hat—"an egg to day, is better dan a shicken to-morrow."—He thinks, perhaps, your Lordship and I are shickens, but the Dutch proverb tell him 'some reckon dere shickens before dey be hatched.' A friend of Mr. Charles begged he would rest his case here. As no injury had been sustained, he humbly conceived nothing could be recovered in that court.—Judge—"Really, gentlemen, such a case as this is quite rare here; I can give no damages for what plaintiff has felt about his hat; there is, I believe, no harm done, and I must dismiss the case with costs." The decision appeared to please the "greasy rogues" in the court below, who, like true paddies, forgot for a time their own griefs and animosities "to see the fun." The parties left the court in apparent good humour.



## A FEW RATIONAL THOUGHTS ON THE FASHIONABLE TERM

CALLED

COMING OUT.

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WHETHER is it to mothers or their daughters, these thoughts should most especially be directed? The first answer of common-sense would be, "To the parents, surely!" But it pronounces otherwise, when we consider the utter perversion of reason which must have taken place in a parent's mind, before she can submit herself to the degradation of coming down from her honourable station by nature—the station of instructor and director of her offspring, the responsible guide of their conduct in this life, to the everlasting possessions of eternity. Indeed, when we see persons delegated by heaven to so noble a trust, transform themselves into characters only to be expected in a Mahometan or Heathen land, we can but stand and gaze at so monstrous a power in the caprice of fashion, and marvel how so mighty an influence can spring from so contemptible an agent.—Like the wooden sword of Harlequin, it strikes great and small; all seem to change their aspects, according to the whim that holds it.

In proof of this, she who ought to enter a room with every maternal reverence in her train, asserting in her mien, the prerogative which protects, while she maintains its gentle sceptre,—she, on the reverse, condescends to become the waiting attendant on her daughters; to follow them from assembly to assembly, from ball to ball; to watch their progress through a song or a concerto, a waltz or a quadrille.—Not, indeed, with the anxious eyes of parental solicitude, to mark the bashful air of virgin modesty, gradually expanding itself into the ingenuous confidence, derived from finding itself in a society amiably eager to encourage the young novice, for some little exhibition of the accomplishments known to be the graces of education!—Not, perhaps, with a mother's still more trembling hope, to watch the glance of admiration pursuing the timid step—the gaze enamoured on the blushing cheek, while the averted filial eye, in maidenly confusion, seeks the parent's tender smile!—No bashful air, no timid step, no blush-

ing cheek, no averted eye, seeking to catch a mother's smile, are there.—The young lady has *come out*! the usual term, indeed, for the *debüt* of an actress; and an actress the young lady certainly considers herself—the world, her theatre—or rather the little circle of belles and beaux, whom she exclusively styles the world.—*Every where* else, and *every body* else, according to the colloquy of those fashionable personages, being *no where*, and *nobodies*; while the spot on which she moves, is the grand scene of existence; she, the sole point of sight; and every being around, merely admiring spectators of her supreme attractions.—Under this faith, practically inculcated from her cradle, she has rushed forward on the stage of display for all her charms. Her apprenticeship is over to the professors who have been shaping her person to grace, by iron collars, inclined planes, attitudes, and ballet steps; who have formed her mind over musical scales, French grammars, Italian dictionaries, and the science of arithmetic and mensuration, as far as the one can calculate the amount of a dangler's income, or the extent of his estate.—These accomplishments she plays before the view of the audience in all the variety with which vanity can strike the keys; and kindred, as well as the gay mob in general, gaze, amused or wearied—For only the heart can enjoy for any time; and with such exhibitions, and such spectators, the heart has nothing to do.

In all this affected tuition, what lesson has been taught of female delicacy, female reserve?—of female duties as daughter, sister, wife? nay, of woman's self?—None.—Who was even to hint such, in word, or by action?—Her mother has never been shewn to her in any more reverential light, than something between a fine lady and an insignificant duenna; who after having *come out*, ran her race of shining, coquetting, and marrying; and having brought sons and daughters into the world to the same career, must now be considered *a person gone by*, to all purposes of deference, or pleasure, in society.—Her own bloom once over, all else becomes "stale, flat, unprofitable," in the estimation of the circle; and, like the set-aside mistress of the haram, degraded to the menial attendance of a slave, she must regard herself as still honoured enough, in being permitted to be the obsequious in-

strument, for shaping the persons and minds of her own female progeny to the same capricious destiny.—That done, she lackeys their steps, like a following shadow, and respected as little, from place to place, under the fashionable appellation of *chaperon*—a disgraceful change, indeed, from that of a mother—to be held forth as only a nominal protection, a mere hood; a licence for all the folly to pass with impunity, which the child may perform, or the silly parent sanction by her undignified presence.

The young lady thus *come out*, with this slender awning of merely pretended veiling from the garish multitude, is not the less really exposed; and boldly does she, court the applause of the beholders; daringly doth she, in many cases, brave their hisses.—She feels herself at the point of her ambition; the display of all the charms, under the manufacture of which she been suffering so long.—Fifty years ago, the purpose of a girl learning to read, was to study in the sacred books her duty towards God, and her relative connections in life.—She was taught accomplishments, to form her into a companion to solace the infirm season of her parent's days; or to cheer the domestic hearth, whether a parent, or a husband presided there.—In short, she was to be moulded into the honourable, happy character, of a *help-mate* meet for a man of sense and virtue.

But all this is the *old school*, obsolete, *dead letter*, "*gone by with Adam, beyond the flood!*" Our young lady never heard of the responsibility attached to female delicacy, female modesty, female duties, from the first hour in which she entered the great scene of life; she never heard, that in the moment she quitted the school-room, to move from object to object by the side of her mother, no longer as a child, but a daughter, now a young woman, she was to begin to use the fruits of her instruction, to the honour of that parent; reflecting all the brightness of her accomplishments, on the revered source whence they had been derived.

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(To be continued.)



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## THE TROPICAL NIGHT,

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THE tropical night keeps pace with the tropical day. The nights are uncommonly bright and serene. The stars which spangle the ethereal vault, emit a radiance which is unknown in Europe, and gild the hemisphere with an inconceivable brilliancy. Constellations, which are invisible in England, here display their beauties, and shine through all the summer without being intercepted with a shade. The magnitudes of these stars appear to be enlarged; and many, which, through obstructing mediums, are invisible in the northern latitudes, are not only visible in these climes, but shine with a lustre peculiar to themselves. The planets put on a more resplendent appearance, and display a refulgence which is exclusively applicable to the Torrid Zone. Their aspects are bolder and more striking than in other climates; and their radiance increases as well as that of the fixed stars. They glow with a brightness, which, in this season, is sullied with no obstruction, and intermitted only by the periodical revolutions of the system. To increase the glory of this enchanting scene, the moon makes her appearance, not in "clouded majesty," but in resplendent brilliancy, diffusing a light which seems to originate in native lustre. In her presence the stars, both erratic and fixed, are apparently eclipsed, and deprived of half their honours, while her light is sufficient for the transaction of almost any business in the open air. The smallest print may be read without difficulty, and distant objects may be plainly seen.

By her light the finest landscapes in nature are presented to the eye of the spectator: he gazes with admiration and wonder on the beauties which swarm around him, and wanders into the pathless regions of fancy without satiety or disgust. At the same time, the air is tranquil and serene, and contributes greatly to heighten the general beauties of the night. Not a single cloud hides any portion of the vast expanse, or interrupts the contemplative mind, in its pursuit of those meditations which the solemnity of the scene, and the stillness of the night had conspired to raise. It is a season which invites to various thoughts, while it soothes the per-

turbations of the heaving bosom, and spreads tranquillity through all the powers of the soul. It is a season calculated to convey the soul into futurity, to connect what is past to that which is to come, and to make the mind deeply susceptible of consolation or remorse.

In every country inhabited by man, the silence of night has been esteemed as congenial to meditation: but though night has been fair virtue's immemorial friend, yet perhaps there is no region on the earth of which it can be said with more propriety, that "the conscious moon, through every distant age, has held a lamp to wisdom." The beauty of the tropical nights in the summer season, surpasses all the powers of description; the lustre of the planets seems to increase in proportion to that of the fixed stars: the bodies of all appear magnified; and, on account of that appearance, they seem to approximate towards the earth. The brightness of Mars, of Jupiter, and of Venus, is so transcendent as to outshine the most splendid appearance that the heavens ever presented to our view, in this country. Venus, in particular, occasionally appears horned like a little moon, and her light is so transcendently beautiful, as even to cast a shadow from houses, trees, and other objects, which tend to offer obstructions. And when to these appearances, we add the moon, rising in solemn and silent grandeur, to heighten the magnificent scenery, it brightens the prospect while it expands the mind; and raises the sublime phenomena to the summit of more than earthly grandeur. There are, perhaps, but few places on the globe to which these lines of Homer can apply, with greater exactness, than to the West Indian summer nights—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene.  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head.  
Then shine the vales; the rocks in prospect rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;  
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

## THE BARRISTER'S TALE.

## Giobanni in the Country.

I HAD arranged my business so as to permit a visit of a fortnight to a friend in the country, and gladly quitted the dry details of a lawyer's life, for the promised holiday: our anticipations, however, in this sublunary world, are liable to frequent disappointments; and, just as I was established an inmate in a very pleasant family, with parties in perspective to fill up the whole of my furlough, (if I may be allowed to use the expression in connection with a corps, which, if it be entitled to any military appellation, is designated by the name of the D—I's own,) a near relation of the master of the mansion died suddenly; which plunged the whole family in sorrow and sables; at least, the decencies of grief obliged them to remain in close solitude; and finding myself of no sort of use, but rather an incumbrance in the existing state of affairs, I hastened my departure; and, as I had plenty of time upon my hands, resolved to take my journey leisurely in my tilbury. The first day passed without any accident by flood or field; but I had only accomplished twenty miles on the second morning, when a rude encounter with a cart heavily laden, and driven by a boor in the last stage of intoxication, upset my frail equipage, and considerably damaged the vehicle: this accident fortunately happening at the entrance of a tolerably large village, I soon obtained assistance in my distress; an artist of no mean pretensions, at last, undertook to repair my carriage by the following day, and I took up my quarters in a small inn, which, in addition to a very comfortable appearance, had a rural air about it which was particularly agreeable to my taste. Mine host, compassionating, perhaps, the situation of an unfortunate, thrown, by the malice of his stars, upon his own resources for amusement, in a strange place, for a whole day, informed me, that Lord H—'s hounds were out, and that he had a capital hunter in his stable, to which I should be very welcome, if I felt any inclination to join them. This



was indeed the discovery of the jewel in the reptile's head; the conversion of an annoyance into a pleasure. Ardently attached to the sport, I was soon mounted; all the village seemed eager to direct me in my route; and, followed by a dozen ragged urchins, who shouted their good wishes as long as they could keep sight of my charger's heels, I galloped across the country, and soon joined the hunt. The day was remarkably fine, the scenery beautiful, and its effect heightened by the picturesque accompaniments of the chase; there was a gallant shew of horsemen equipped in scarlet, and the usual admixture of farmers not so appropriately attired, yet gaily clad in green or other suitable colours.

I had ridden several miles, with this revel rout, before I perceived a member of our party, whose dress and appearance offering a strange contrast to the lively habits of the other sportsmen, fitted him to sit for the picture of the strange huntsman so wittily described by Lord Lyttleton in his letters, and whom many worthy persons, to this day, believe to have been an actual apparition; he was clothed from head to foot in deep black; his features were handsome, but sun-burned, nearly to the hue of a mulatto; his figure, slight and elegant, seemed composed entirely of bone and muscle, only covered with skin, for flesh he certainly had none; his cheeks and forehead displayed lines which seemed more the effect of toil than age; and a pair of fine dark eyes flashed fire from beneath a commanding brow; his nose was marked, and of the finest order; and a set of particularly beautiful white teeth formed the only contrast to the sombre hue which enveloped him: he rode a coal-black steed, high in blood and mettle, and spare and slim as his master. This singular personage first attracted my attention by the surprising boldness of his leaps; he seemed always to prefer the most dangerous passes; and this circumstance kept him aloof from the other horsemen, who seemed not at all ambitious to share the honours of his enterprize. Notwithstanding my friend Boniface's warm encomiums on his *Eucephalus*, I did not find him at all equal to pursue the path of the wild huntsman, as I mentally designated the stranger; and pausing with some degree of astonishment at a more striking proof of his daring than I had yet seen, I asked a peasant who was occupied in an adjoining ditch, who it was that so boldly ventured his

neck. "The devil!" replied the man, "he venture his neck? he will neither hang nor drown till his time run out, and then he'll be carried away in a whirlwind, or such like; and as to his horse, he be an imp of the old one."—A sudden rush of the hounds across the field ended our colloquy; and, highly diverted by the information which I had received, I endeavoured to get close to the object of my attention; but my efforts were vain; his horse, whatever his origin might have been, was evidently not of the same parentage with mine. Still eager in my pursuit, "I'll cross it, though it press me!" I exclaimed, and in making a manœuvre which I thought would bring us to a rencontre, I totally lost sight of him; missed being in at the death; and, finding the whole congress dispersed, made the best of my way to the village. Exhilarated by the sport, and my imagination occupied by the instance which had just fallen under my observation of the superstition and credulity still existing among the lower orders, I was in no danger of being troubled with ennui. I felt anxious to learn the circumstance which had given rise to the report, of a gentleman having sold himself to the devil; for though the sable sportsman's outward appearance was singular and striking, something beyond this I deemed necessary to produce so absurd a conjecture. Returning to my Inn by a road which I had not before explored, I passed a mansion, which, from its size and appearance, I concluded belonged to the lord of the manor; it was a fine specimen of the old fashioned residences of country gentlemen, still remaining in England; a long irregular building, standing on a gentle slope, half embosomed in trees, with part battlemented, part casemented, and part modernized with bowed ends and French windows; the park-paling skirted the road, and by a sudden turn the house was lost to my sight, and my path overshadowed by a thick plantation of evergreens, which stretched their branches quite across the road, shut out the sunshine, and involved the avenue in gloom: the spot was calculated to inspire melancholy ideas; the dark foliage of the fir and the cypress, almost swept my face as I tried in vain to penetrate the thick mazes of the wood, and my mind, dwelling still upon the mysterious stranger, suggested the idea that such a spot was well calculated to be the scene of an interview with the enemy of man: the thought

had scarcely crossed my brain, when my horse and I were both startled by a scream, shrill, wild, and superhuman, which burst upon our ears from the woody labyrinth; a second, and a third, louder, more lengthened, and fiendlike, succeeded, and then all was silent; the faint tap of the woodpecker, and the rustling of small birds in the leaves of the trees, were the only sounds which the ear could detect. Agitated and perplexed, I urged my horse to a swifter pace, and emerging from the darkened passage into a wide space, where a second turn in the road gave a full view of the mansion smiling in the sunshine, I enquired of a labourer, who lived there?—"The devil," replied the man; "you've heard the screams, sir, I suppose? the like was never uttered by human lips: why, we are scared o' nights in our beds by the evil one in his wicked gambols: Lord bless us! here he comes;" and scuttling away as he spoke, I lifted up my eyes to see what had occasioned his hasty retreat, and encountered the wild huntsman. He merely crossed the road, and entering a gate which led into the park, rode towards the house. "I looked down at his feet, but that's a fable," and, anxious to reach my inn, where I hoped to hear a solution of all these mysteries, I put my horse into a trot, and soon arrived at the King's-head. I found the dinner which I had ordered in the morning in perfect readiness; the landlord, whose civility I had already experienced, made it a point to attend upon me; the respectability of his appearance pleased me, and when the repast was concluded, I called for a bottle of his best wine, and, as the custom is not sufficiently obsolete to render a gentleman singular who attempted to revive it, I invited him to sit down and partake of the contents. I soon led the conversation to the house which I had so lately remarked, and asked if there were not some strange story attached to it. Perceiving that my curiosity was highly raised, he made no hesitation in gratifying it. "The annals," said he, "of the De Winton family, are too public for me to deny a gentleman a detail which may serve to wile away a dull evening. Forty years ago, sir, I was an helper in the stables of the manor-house, and at that time the squire, priding himself upon his high ancestry, which I believe the name denotes, took the lead, not only in the parish, but in the county also: he was exceedingly rich; his estates large, and unencum-



bered; and although he had at least twelve children, there was no doubt that he could give them all fine fortunes. Miss Julia, the eldest of the family, was reckoned very beautiful, and became, on her first introduction into company, the toast of the country: the flower of the neighbouring gentlemen offered themselves to her, but she was reported to be very disdainful; and it was spread abroad, that nothing under a coronet would be accepted; her numerous rejections rendered suitors fearful; and after two or three years had passed away from her first appearance at the balls and races, she ceased to be solicited by those whom she despised; she seemed to me, and most of my fellow-servants, a proud, high-spirited young lady, who would not bear the least contradiction from any body. I was not honoured by a word or a look, whenever the duties of my situation brought me in contact with her; but William Harvey, the head groom, seemed more in her favour; he was an excessively handsome young man, and possessed an address and manner above his situation, and she being passionately fond of horse-exercise, he was daily called upon to attend her. Her brothers and sisters were much younger than herself; the former were all at school, and the latter never went out without their governess, and her father indulging her in all her whims, she was allowed to gallop about the country alone. I know not whether others entertained suspicions that she condescended more to a menial than became her birth, or could be believed from her pride, but as I was one day nutting on the slope of a hill, in a very retired place, I saw them riding side by side, Harvey's hand lying careless upon the pommel of her saddle; extremely astonished, I remained perdue, all eye and ear, and heard them laughing and chatting in familiar conversation as they passed me: I was afraid to mention what I had witnessed, though I now deeply regret not having made my master acquainted with the circumstance, at any risque to myself; but youth, inexperience, and diffidence, operated to keep me silent, and I refrained from the slightest hint.

A short time after this discovery of mine, Miss De Winton rode out early one morning, attended by William, with the avowed intention of spending the day at a friend's house; but instead of returning in the evening, she sent a ragged boy with a note to her father, to inform him, that, being resolved to

choose for herself, she had taken measures to render all pursuit useless. It was too soon ascertained, beyond a doubt, that she had linked her fate with that of Harvey. This incident made more than a nine days' wonder in the neighbourhood; every mouth was full of it; the name which had been repeated with the most profound respect after Church and King, at the public dinners in the best room in the inn, was now the subject of coarse jests in the tap. Miss Julia had made enemies amid high and low, rich and poor; her fall from greatness, therefore, was at once a source of triumph and of condemnation. Nothing could exceed the rage and despair of the squire, except the deep grief of Mrs. De Winton; she never held up her head afterwards, but, always of a delicate constitution, this blow brought her to her grave in a few months. Such an event could not fail to exasperate the unhappy father more strongly against his disobedient child; her name was not allowed to be mentioned before him; he publicly renounced, and discarded her; and nothing was left undone to banish her remembrance from the minds of her brothers and sisters. The elopement of the eldest daughter, and the death of the lady of the house, occasioned a great change in the family; my master became gloomy and morose in his temper; averse to society, he withdrew himself a good deal from public life, and assumed a harsh demeanour towards his children and servants.

Five or six years passed on, unmarked by any particular event; no one knew where Mr. and Mrs. Harvey lived, or how they obtained the means of existence, and the story was beginning to die away. One day, as I was busy in the harness-room, which overlooked the road, I saw a poor woman walking, or rather staggering along the highway, carrying a child in her arms; she was very meanly clad; the hood of a tattered cloak, drawn over her head, concealed her face; but altogether she was an object that excited so much compassion in my breast, that I searched my pockets for some halfpence to throw down to her, and felt vexed on finding them empty; soon after, I finished my work, and had occasion to go up to the house for orders; going along the back way I met my master, apparently in a great hurry, for he passed without seeing me; in the course of another minute I heard the cry of a child, and following the unwonted sound, saw the woman whom I had before remarked, lying on the gravel-walk, and a boy, about

three years old mourning over her. I immediately ran up to her, and removed the hood from her face: good heavens! it was Miss Julia, but so faded, so wrecked, so altered, that she was scarcely to be recognised in the half-clothed, ragged creature before me. I spoke a few words of comfort to the child, and taking the unhappy lady in my arms, carried her, still insensible, through the stables, to my mother's cottage, which stood hard by. I could not doubt that an unsuccessful appeal to her father's mercy had occasioned the perturbation which prevented Mr. De Winton from noticing me, and the dreadful state in which I had found the wretched pleader, too rudely spurned by an irritated parent. Poor thing! she never spoke afterwards; I carried the news of her dreadful situation to the housekeeper, who ventured to inform her master of the danger which threatened Mrs. Harvey's life; he sternly replied, 'That he had long ceased to consider Julia as his child, and now left her to her fate; the parish officers, (he continued) had his orders to take care of her, and he would be answerable for the expences of a common pauper, but nothing beyond it: she had chosen her own line of life.'—I took it upon me to send for the village apothecary; alas! his skill was vainly tried; she recovered sufficiently to press my mother's hand and mine in token of gratitude; but fatigue, anguish of heart, and debility, I fear, brought on by long abstinence, snapped the thread of existence, and she died: she was absolutely penniless, and the almost unappeasable hunger of her little boy rendered the last conjecture only too probable. On searching her pockets, we found the certificate of her marriage with William Harvey, and a copy of the register of her son's baptism, to whom she had given her father's name, Gerald De Winton: these papers, together with a letter to her obdurate parent, which had been returned to her, acquainting him with the death of her husband, and her own misery, were all that she had to bequeath; these proofs of the legitimacy of his birth, seemed likely to be the sole inheritance of the poor infant, and seeing the persons into whose hands he had fallen, very indifferent about their preservation, I took them into my own keeping, feeling that in his forlorn state it would at least be a consolation to know that he was born in wedlock.

The squire's heart was not softened by the melancholy end of



Mrs. Harvey; firm to his purpose, he sent the parish-officers to bury her, ordering at the same time that her little son should be taken into the workhouse; I felt very unwilling to part with the boy, but Mr. De Winton's word was law in the village, and I was compelled to let him go. Though his commands were thus promptly obeyed, he could not control the thoughts or the tongues of his dependants; every voice was loudly raised in reprobation of his cruelty, which pursued his daughter to her grave, and was even extended to her innocent child. The funeral of the eldest born of the ancient house of De Winton was a shocking sight; the overseers of the parish acted to the letter of the squire's orders, and she was indeed buried like the meanest beggar at the public charge, for not one halfpenny more than the ordinary expences would the squire pay. At the hazard of losing my place, I followed the poor lady to her grave, leading little Gerald by the hand, my mother having cut up one of her best gowns to afford him a black frock, who had such dreadful cause for mourning; it was a melancholy thing to see the unconscious innocent in the sad procession, weeping, because others wept, yet happily ignorant of the destitute condition which melted all hearts. The deep sympathy of the multitude in his misfortunes was displayed by tears and caresses, mingled with every phrase which pity or compassion could dictate. At the hall also, there was much suffering and sorrow, the young people were now old enough to understand all the horror of their sister's fate, and the most lenient of the squire's judges thought, that his implacability proceeded from a desire to inculcate a severe, yet wholesome lesson, to his family, and was not wholly the result of an unforgiving spirit; there could be little danger that any of his children would prove disobedient after so terrible a warning of the consequences which would ensue.—The pressure of poverty had ended Miss Julia's days; her corpse, denied entrance into the family vault, was confounded with the common herd, without a stone to mark the spot; and her son, whilst his maternal relations enjoyed every luxury which wealth could give, was limited to the coarse and scanty allowance of a pauper's fare!

(To be continued.)

## LETTERS

ON THE

PROGRESS OF LUXURY AMONG THE LADIES OF ANCIENT ROME,  
with Descriptions of their Costume.

## LETTER V.

THE ceinture seems to have been an indispensable appendage to the tunic of both sexes. The tunic of the ladies, more ample than that of the men, was arranged round the waist in plaits which were sustained by the ceinture. And here I must digress a moment, to observe to you, that the arrangement of the ceinture had no small share in deciding the character of a man; if it was negligently fastened, so as to suffer the tunic to train on the ground, he was set down at once for an effeminate fellow; while if the tunic was drawn high, and the ceinture well fastened, he had the reputation of courage. That this marked difference existed in the manner in which the sexes arranged the tunic, we learn from the ordonnance of Xerxes, who, irritated at the revolt of the Babylonians, would not pardon them till he had forbidden them to bear arms, and obliged them to wear, after the example of women, flowing tunics, arranged in folds.

The number of tunics worn by the Romans augmented insensibly; I am unable to discover exactly how many were worn by the ladies, but if they kept pace with the men, they certainly were warmly clothed. Augustus, we are told, wore four in winter, besides a sort of under-waistcoat next his skin, a doublet, and other clothes; and over all the rest a furred robe; nay, he even sometimes added a manteau. Can one believe that this is the same man, who, in the middle of summer, slept with the door of his chamber open; nay, often in the midst of a heristyle, within the sound of a fountain, of which he breathed the freshness, while one of the officers of his household fanned him while he slept.

Let us now return to the tunics of the ladies, of which, we can only say with certainty, that in the latter days of Rome, they could not have worn less than three; but how many more they might have adopted, I have already confessed

myself incapable of informing you. The first of these was the chemise; the second was much in the form of a clergyman's gown; the third, made more ample, and very much ornamented, formed an elegant and graceful sort of robe, which by degrees entirely superseded the toga, which, from that time, was only worn by men and courtesans.

The stole, which resembled in form the manteau of our days, was very much trimmed. We find that the bottom had a large tissue of gold or purple. Horace reproaches the *petits maitres* of his time with selecting their mistresses from among those ladies whose manteaus were most splendidly trimmed. I am afraid, that if the beaux of our times were to be strictly examined, they would sometimes be found guilty of a similar fault.

The Persians, more effeminate than the Romans, did not forbid the use of this dress to men; but among the Romans it was worn only by those who dishonoured themselves by an effeminate course of life. The stole was, in short, to men, in the latter days of Rome, what the toga was to women.

One side of the manteau was fastened under the ceinture, the other was left open so as to shew the second tunic; in the trimming of which, there is no doubt that the Roman ladies shewed great taste. It appears that it was on this tunic, that the nails to which they gave the name of *Laticlave*, were fixed. This was the prime distinction of the state; it was borne by the Emperor, by the principal magistrates, by the governors of the provinces, by those heroes to whom the state decreed triumphal honours; and even some of the pontiffs. When I call this ornament a nail, I do not speak quite correctly—it was in the form of a large head of a nail; some of these ornaments were sewed on both sides of the tunic, and placed also upon the stomach.

This mark of honour was conferred as well upon ladies, as upon men; it was bestowed even upon foreigners. Flavius Vospiscus informs us, that Aurelian espoused Bonosus, one of his most celebrated captains, to Hunilus, a beautiful and virtuous princess of one of the most illustrious families of the Goths. She was then a prisoner to the Romans. The expenses of the nuptials were defrayed from the public treasure; the Emperor himself ordered the bridal dresses, and



among the tunics of every kind, was one adorned with this ornament in gold.

I must digress a moment to observe, that all the marks of favour with which Aurelian loaded this fair bride, could not, in my opinion, recompense her for the sacrifice he obliged her to make, in giving herself to a man who was noted for being the hardest drinker of his day. He was not less distinguished for his intemperance than for his courage and military talents; it was him of whom Aurelian said, that the gods had not sent him on earth to live, but to drink; and on one occasion he was actually charged by the council of state, to intoxicate all the foreign ministers then at Rome. The fumes of wine, so far from producing upon him the same effect as upon other men, served only to render his ideas more clear and lively. This is the same Bonosus who was afterwards elevated to the dignity of the empire, but who was taken prisoner by the soldiers of Probus, by whom he was hanged; and his death gave rise to the saying, that they had not hanged a man, but a pitcher.

It is probable that the ceinture, first adopted by young females as a support to the bosom, gave rise to the corset which we find was adopted in the time of Ovid by the Roman dames; and from what he says respecting it, we have reason to believe that it was very richly ornamented.

I come now to the last garment, a mantle called *Palla*; this cloak was fastened on the shoulder by agraffes, ornamented with jewels; the greatest part of it was thrown to the left shoulder, so as to leave the right arm bare; it had a long train, which flowed to an extraordinary length on the ground; it fell in easy folds round the figure, to which it certainly added an air of grace and dignity. Some say, that the form of the mantle was exactly square. The ground of the material it was composed of was always purple, and the ornaments gold. This fashion was introduced on the stage, and the ladies of the theatre swept the boards with their long trains.

Some authors are of opinion that the ladies had also another kind of garment, called a *Syrmas*; but I think it is more likely that this word means the stuff used for the mantle, or at least the threads of gold or silver that entered into the tissue of the mantle.

We have reason to believe that the mantle was the garment which Virgil had in view when he speaks of Enæas presenting to Dido, the embroidered robe that Helen had received from her mother Leda, which she had brought from Greece, and worn on the day of her nuptials with Paris: nuptials so injurious to her own honour and so fatal to Troy.

A mixture of wool, flax, and silk, constituted the materials of all the different stuffs worn by ladies, and the colours of these stuffs generally determined the differences in the price.

The Phrygians were the first who found out the art of embroidering with the needle; their work was much praised. The Babylonians, on the contrary, invented a flat kind of embroidery; each of these species of work, represented with equal correctness the flowers, &c. which they attempted to pourtray. Soon afterwards weaving was invented at Alexandria, and the labours of the shuttle attained higher perfection than even those of the needle.

In the infancy of luxury, wool was the first material used to form the ground of stuffs, and there is no doubt that it continued for a long time to be the only one; hence the frequent use of the bath, which cleanliness rendered so necessary. We have reason to believe that scarlet and purple, which were probably the first colours invented, continued long in favour. Pliny, in speaking of the luxury of his times, informs us that he has actually seen fleeces died on the backs of living rams, in purple and scarlet. Adieu my dear Maria,

Believe me, always your's,

BELMONT.

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#### A PROLONGED CHANCERY SUIT.

THE longest suit in the annals of Chancery was between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other, respecting certain possessions not far from Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV. and was depending till the reign of James I., when a compromise took place, it having lasted above a hundred and twenty years.

## THE SEXAGENARIAN;

OR, A

Bachelor's Reminiscences.

## CHAPTER I.

*Dulcis est memoria præteritorum malorum.*

AT the age of sixty, when the fires of manhood are extinct, and the hair waxes silver on the brow, I sit down to beguile my solitude by recalling the amours of youth. I have no feeling of delicacy to restrain the disclosure, for most of those who will figure in the ensuing pages, have gone before me to the tomb: a few, indeed, yet survive; but, like myself, they have become indifferent to the sneers or praises of the world. Let this then prove sufficient apology for my undertaking.

I was the only child of a country gentleman, whose ancestors had resided at the village of Caversham, from time immemorial. Reared at home under the auspices of a fond mother, whose name (although the winds of many winters have sighed over her grave) I yet recal with affection, I was remarkable for a certain susceptibility of constitution, which some might call modesty, but which the man of the world would designate sheepishness. This feeling, whatever it might be, first evinced itself in a tendency to blush on the slightest occasion, particularly when women were the subjects of discourse. Indeed it was full eighteen years before I could even look a woman in the face without blushing. At last, I accomplished it, in the person of Mary H——, a young lady, who resided at Reading, with her aunt. She was my first love; the first who taught my veins, in the burning language of a modern poet, to "run lightning." I might indite marvels on the subject of her beauty—I might say, that her complexion rivalled ivory in the exquisite polish of its purity, were I not, as a Sexagenarian, bound to preserve, at least, some appearance of moderation in my reminiscences. Suffice it to say, that she was beautiful, and I felt it. It was, I think, in the theatre at Reading, that I first beheld her. She was seated in a box



in my immediate vicinity; and as the performances in a provincial town are usually of a very second-rate character, I had both leisure and inclination to feast upon her beauty. She observed my emotion—the heightening bloom on my cheek, and the unusual lustre in my eye; and, with a feeling of gratified vanity—pardonable surely in a pretty young woman—returned my glance with a smile, that even now, when so many years have intervened, sends the blood in stimulated currents through each vein.

The young reader will easily image to himself my raptures at this moment. My heart danced, and my eyes glistened, I am certain; but no sooner had my feelings been again awakened by one of the kindest looks that were ever thrown, by maiden purity, upon the vigilance of its humble admirer, than I shivered with delirious extacy, and sank back upon my seat in a transport of ungovernable enthusiasm. On recovering my senses—my common sense, I should observe—I hurried down stairs to the place in which I had seen the box-list deposited, and soon ascertained the name of my fair incognita, by the number of the box in which her party was seated. The box-keeper, in reply to my questions, and perhaps in gratitude to my liberality, assured me that she was a person of respectability, that her name was H——, that she was unmarried, and resided with her aunt in Friar-street. Transported at the propitious intelligence, I found it absolutely necessary, “as for the body as the soul,” to give my high-wrought sensibilities some little relief, and accordingly took a short ramble about the town—building, as the reader will of course suppose, a thousand fairy fabrics in the air, and peopling them with the creatures of my present admiration. But these soon evaporated; and I once more returned, in order to exhilarate myself with a sight of the dear girl, whose favour I had apparently engaged. Judge then of my disappointment, when I discovered that Mary H—— had quitted the theatre, and that a whole night—that eternity in the calendar of a lover—must elapse ere I should again banquet upon her beauty. I endeavoured, as well as I could, to console myself with the knowledge which I had obtained of her abode; but my temper was so embittered by disappointment, that I actually

upset an old barrow-woman, and deposited her, (chattels and all) in the bowels of an overgrown guttler.

The rest of the night was spent in that state of anxious sleeplessness, which a lover, or a gentleman who is going to be hanged, can alone experience. Morning at last dawned—the grey light streamed, in gradually brightening effulgence, through my windows, and roused me at once to breakfast and to love. I dressed myself accordingly with peculiar neatness; arranged my habiliments with a precision that Skeffington himself might envy, and then proceeded towards Friar-street; resolved, that if all other expedients failed of getting access to Mary, I would boldly enter the house, request the honour of an interview with her parents, and make an offer of my hand and fortune. My fortune,—which at that time, consisted of but a tolerable wardrobe, and five shillings in a leathern purse—the melancholy ruins of my father's last quarterly allowance.

But to return from this digression: in my way to Friar-street, I seemed to tread, like an Houri, the Paradise of Mahomet; for a more buoyant, unreflecting, and excited heart, never lodged in human bosom, than that which now fluttered, until it sickened, with anticipation of Mary's image. How cruelly has this vision of felicity been reversed; and that too by an accident which—but it is idle to anticipate the period of my blighted happiness.

On my arrival in Friar-street, I found, after a due course of interrogation, that the box-keeper's information was correct, and that the friends of Miss H. had long been established in comparative opulence and repute. This put an end to infinite anxiety, for I had previously worked up my mind to a state of despair, founded upon the probable incorrectness of my information. Again: even when satisfied on this head, I imagined that he might have changed the seats originally intended for my inamorato, and furnished me, instead, with the address of some virgin spinster. The bare idea of such a blunder was so intolerably painful that I actually sickened with apprehension; when, on looking up, I saw Mary H—, seated, like a blushing statue, at one of the parlour-windows. There she sat; the rich luxuriance of her chesnut tresses flowing down a bosom that man (so at least I should

suppose) had never yet invaded; her eye beaming forth the alternate expression of surprise and joy; and her ruby lips—Oh! heavens, I shall run distracted if I continue this description.

To proceed: on recovering my emotions, I advanced towards the house that enshrined my idol, and insinuated what may be technically called, a lover's rap—palpitating, mysterious, and intermittent. A servant in full livery appeared at the summons, and, ere ten minutes had elapsed—minutes never by me to be forgotten—the dreaded Rubicon was past, and I stood in the full dark eye of the woman I adored. She retired, however, in instant confusion; and, with a preparatory hem!—that necessary preface to a declaration—I gave way to my natural susceptibility, and (ye powers of impudence! forgive me) disclosed my attachment for Mary, to her aunt, who was entering the room. The good lady smiled at my proposal; but her smile spoke rather the language of incredulity than approval: I saw this, and was proceeding to answer the scruples which I imagined my abruptness might have raised, when she asked me, in a pathetic tone, if I was acquainted with her niece's situation. I eagerly replied in the affirmative, and confessed the whole account with which I had been previously furnished by the box-keeper. The old lady here drew herself up, applied for assistance to her snuff-box, and then requested to know if I had made minuter enquiries, or had received more explicit information. Wondering at the singularity of this catechism, I answered in the negative, and was proceeding (after the form in that case made and provided) to state the beauty, accomplishments, graces, fascinations, &c. &c. of the interesting Mary, when her aunt thus cut short my rhapsody:—"There is, my dear sir, there is one obstacle to a union with my niece, which I fear you will find insuperable." "Insuperable!" I replied, "Good God, madam, you mistake the nature of my character; is it possible, think you, that I can resist such fascination—such grace—such modesty—such ——?" "This is all very delightful, my young friend; but have you never yet heard that Mary has had the misfortune—" I felt a cold chill creep over me at the word "misfortune," and with infinite agitation, contrived at last to stammer out "How, madam? has Miss H—— (a bow of extreme



formality accompanied the monosyllable 'Miss') been so—" when the old lady again exclaimed, "Have you never then heard that my neice has got—" "a child, madam?" I returned with increasing stateliness. "No, sir—a *wooden leg*," returned the aunt, covering her face with a handkerchief. Conceive, gentle reader, my astonishment, at hearing this intelligence! I stood for a few seconds, like Lot's wife, in a state of petrification. My eyes were fixed and glassy; my teeth chattered; and my hair stood in a state of swinish and bristly erection on my occiput. "A wooden leg?" I involuntarily repeated; "gracious heavens, what a discovery! a pig-face would even be preferable."—At this instant, a noise was heard ascending the stair-case—tramp—tramp—it slowly proceeded towards the drawing-room, and sounded to my sensitive ears so like the obnoxious joint, that I hurried away in a state of actual distraction; overturning, in the velocity of my flight, the servant who was entering with the tray.

On reaching home, I gave instant way to the agitation that this interview had excited. I avoided society; wrote elegies about blighted hopes, and so forth; and committed the usual absurdities of a disappointed suitor. But this did not last long; for there is a healthful elasticity about the youthful mind that shakes off the load of sorrow, as the morning breeze brushes the dew-drop from the rose. Such at least was my case; and though, to the present moment, I can never manage to look a wooden leg in the face, without blushing, yet, with the exception of this shy peculiarity, I can recur to my earliest love with feelings of amusement and ridicule. Would to heaven, that all my disappointments were as slight! would that—but I am here trenching on the province of my second chapter; which, in order to keep in appropriate countenance, I intend to indite on the first of April. Till then, reader, in the words of John Philip Kemble—"Hail, and farewell."

(To be continued.)

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### THE GRANDFATHER'S COMPLAINT.

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MR. EDITOR,

I AM a plain old gentleman, a few years past my grand climacteric, with sufficient spirit and energy to enjoy and appreciate the hilarity and vivacious cheerfulness of youth. Now, sir, I must inform you, that I have four grand-daughters, all of whom I love very much, and should love more, would they let me—but, somehow or other, while my heart glows with fondness, its demonstration is prevented by some little imperfections, which I would thank you, as they are constant readers of your agreeable miscellany, to make some comments on; as I conceive it, sir, to be your duty, to augment the beauty of your countrywomen—not by inventing washes and cosmetics, of which, heaven knows! there are already too many to destroy it—but by eradicating the blemishes of the mind, which are more injurious to female charms, than even carbuncles and pimples.—Theresa, the eldest of my grandchildren, is a wit—but so pert withal, that it is impossible even for her poor old grandfather to escape the keen edge of her satire. In my time, Mr. Editor, wit in a woman was thought a dangerous thing; now it is used indiscriminately; its sharp point is bent equally against friends and foes, and pierces without discrimination or judgment.—Theresa goes regularly to church; but in what part of the service she learns to ridicule physical imperfections and constitutional defects, which it is not in the moral capacity of the human species to cure or prevent, I am at a loss to determine; for if I judge rightly of the spirit of Christianity, it teaches us, not only to pity, but to be indulgent to the infirmities arising from nature, while it holds up to contempt and just abhorrence, those vices which tend to the demoralization of the species. I have sometimes the gout in my great toe; and while suffering under its most acute paroxysms, my limping gait and two crutches are frequent subjects of sarcasm and raillery. The prime minister, our gracious sovereign, and even the ministers of our holy religion, are not exempt from her attacks.—Now, sir, is this good sense, sound reason, or correct judgment?

How is the moral discipline of self-restraint to be discerned in woman, if her tongue is allowed to range at large into the regions of politics, jurisprudence, and religion? to descant upon subjects, of which she knows no more than the great house-dog?—Really, sir, I am out of patience at hearing women talk about what they have not absolutely capacities to comprehend; or, at least, so it is natural to judge, from the manner in which they descant on them. In my days, Mr. Editor, a young man was obliged to read, to think, and to observe, before he presumed to obtrude his opinion on those who were older, and consequently wiser, than himself; but in this enlightened age, knowledge, forsooth, is intuitive; or at least it appears, that men are made to study, and women to talk. Excuse the garrullity of an old man, but I cannot help thinking that good sense and good-nature are essential ingredients to female beauty; and that wit, without either, resembles a wasp with twenty stings, were such a monster of nature possible, and should be equally as much avoided.

Priscilla is my second grand-daughter, and, between ourselves, just turned thirty—(but not a word of this, if you please, in any remonstrances you may think proper to make) yet she lisps in numbers, and trips into the room, in a mincing dancing step.—Affectation is her study; and to appear what she is not, her sole endeavour. Priscilla is good-natured, of an engaging figure and agreeable person; yet she is spoilt, absolutely spoilt, by her egregious vanity; for I can call her intolerable desire of admiration by no softer term. Did Priscilla know the perverse and obstinate disposition of our sex, she would at least less evidently appear to solicit love, by extorting admiration: Cupid scorns such fetters; he is the child of nature, and flies alike before the malignity of spleen and the contortions of affectation.

Cecilia, my third grand-daughter, is a beauty, a perfect beauty; that is, her eyes are azure blue, the eyebrows finely turned and pencilled every morning with care; her hair flaxen, her figure enchanting;—yet the little syren, not contented with these exuberant donations of the Cyprian goddess, spends her mornings at the toilet, spoiling those beauties which she wishes to augment, by rouge, carmine, and I know not what; so that, in my opinion, the peony-rose complexion of our florid milk-



maid, is preferable to the medley of art in one of nature's favourites.

Adela is the loveliest of nature's works; so innocent, so inoffensive and modest!—dear, little creature, could you see the vermillion hue of her cheek as she enters the well-filled drawing-room, and observe the grace and elegance of her motions, surely you, like me, would be enchanted with *me petite mignonne*, for so, in the fondness of my heart, I denominate my youngest grandchild. One imperfection, one only imperfection, if it may be so called, is Adela's—She loves music, *vraiment à la folie*, as she herself acknowledges, for her pericranium has been examined by the craniologists or phrenologists, I know not which you call them; though, when I was a boy at school, I recollect learning something about *phrene*, mind, but we never searched the cranium for it. Adela is with difficulty prevailed upon to favour the company with an air, but when once she is seated, swift fly the fingers, rattle go the keys—and, instead of a sweet little dulcet strain, we are nailed to our chairs for an hour, by good-breeding and politeness, while Adela exhibits, without good-breeding or politeness, all the airs and graces of science.—Quavers, semi-quavers, and demisemi-quavers (I know not the technical terms of the art) are all brought into request; looks of uneasiness and ennui, succeed expressions of admiration and delight; but still the incorrigible performer, absorbed in her own felicitous sensations, unmercifully proceeds, until yawning and gaping absolutely seizes some of the most devoted admirers of Adela, and avowed votaries of Euterpe—coughing, hemming and whispering are unminded, and we are compelled, in spite of ourselves, to listen to the termination of the sweetly pretty piece of one of the most celebrated composers of the day. Perhaps you, Mr. Editor, may be yourself an enthusiastic devotee to this, I must acknowledge, most delightful science; but in pity to a poor lame old man—give Adela a hint, that however exquisite the gratification that may be derived from her really excellent performances, yet there are no enjoyments, of which we are susceptible, that do not become wearisome by being continued to satiety. If my grand-daughters will attend to your admonitions, and by a little alteration, in their otherwise exemplary conduct, smooth the rugged

path of declining age, you, sir, will have the gratification, if not of protracting my existence, at least of rendering its subsequent period comparatively smooth and easy; and I shall acknowledge to the last moments of my life, my obligations to your kindness; as well as the good sense of my dear grand-children, in proving by their conduct that they are wiser to-morrow than they have been to-day—and by correcting those little blemishes and imperfections, which I have so freely communicated, that they do not wish to furrow my cheek with sorrow, or silver my hairs too early with the tokens of age—while the children of my dear and only child will, by conquering their defects, increase their amiability and constitute their own as well as my happiness.

I am, sir,

With sentiments of respect,

Your obedient servant,

Q1

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#### THE IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUALITY.

METHOD is the very hinge of business; and there is no method without punctuality. Punctuality is important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family: the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty.

The calmness of mind which it produces, is another advantage of punctuality; a disorderly man is always in a hurry; he has no time to speak to you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there, he is too late for his business; or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. Punctuality gives weight to character. "Such a man has made an appointment."—"Then I know he will keep it." And this generates punctuality in you; for, like other virtues, it propagates itself; servants and children must be punctual, where their leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts; I owe you punctuality; if I have made an appointment with you, I have no right to throw away your time, if I do my own.

## HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DRAMA,

WITH

*Anecdotes of its Professors, Ancient and Modern.*

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THE Drama received its birth amid religious feasts, and rural festivities. The happy completion of the vintage, and the hymns of Bacchus, were sung by her in the homely language of joyous rusticity.—The luxuriant shade of the unburthened vines, formed the rich scenery of her simple theatre, while her youthful ardour desired no more costly stage than the fragrant grass of the Icarian soil.—Thespis, however, soon seduced her from her groves, to be a wanderer in his more garish painted car; and even to deform her original simplicity, with quaint disguises.—But Eschylus arose, and the drama of Athens was rescued from disgrace. With the spirit of a soldier, who had fought in the glorious fields of Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea, he transposed into his plays the heroes of Homer; transforming, indeed, the humorous drolls of the early dramatists, into the majestic promulgators of magnanimity and truth.—Having thus opened the sources of virtue upon his fellow citizens, he retired into Sicily; and there passed his old age with honour, under the hospitality of Hiero, king of Syracuse. He died in that city; but as some tribute to the memory of a man, whose birth amongst them the Athenians considered a glory, they raised a monument to his name, while his works they regarded as one of the proudest of their country.

Sophocles trod quickly on the steps of such a master.—He, also, had commanded armies; and was equally emulous to mingle the poet's bays with the warrior's laurel.—Euripides was the next; and he left the study of philosophy, which he had sought under the auspices of Anaxagoras himself, for the more attractive pursuits of the drama.—The court of Macedon had the distinction of retaining him while living; and of entombing him when dead, beneath a superb sarcophagus in the neighbourhood of the poetical fountain of Arethusa.—Euripides was quoted by St. Paul, when



preaching to the Athenians.—With this dramatic triumvirate of the first order, existed also at the same time Chionides, Phormis, and Epicharmus, the inventors of comedy.—The two latter entirely laid aside the farcical buffoonery, and mischievous ridicule, which loaded the incongruous dialogues of their comic predecessors; and cast into a regular plan of dialogue, those characters in the commonwealth whose public peculations, or vices, in general, rendered their conduct a subject of scrutiny and ill example.—Plato is said to have imbibed much of his knowledge of human nature from the comedies of Epicharmus especially.

Aristophanes followed; and he lashed the age so severely, that the legislature issued a decree to stop the boldness of his satire.—But the poet eluded the vigilance of the magistrates, by affixing fictitious names to real characters; thus rendering the censure more biting, by shewing that the man could be recognized by his prominent vice, through the deepest disguise. Menander, in subsequent times, attacked the evils of the age, without reference to any particular known individuals; and thus, by his judicious management of human nature, rendered his plays more beneficial in a moral point of view, than his predecessors.—A man will apply lessons to himself, when they are not evidently directed to him, and forced upon his notice by an officious world.—This latter circumstance is apt to summon pride against wisdom; and the “foul fiend” is too often the victor.

We have now seen the progress of the Grecian stage from the green sward, to the courts of kings, and the columned theatre; and we shall next find that the Roman drama, also, was the offspring of woods and fields.—She drew her first breath in Etruria, amidst the rough jests, and swilled jollity of Fescinnia.—At Rome, she received a more polished nature: and, under the name of Satyre, attacked with spirited raillery the reigning follies of the people.—Livius Andronicus and Plautus were, to Latium, what Aristophanes was to Greece.—And Terence poured, through the Latin tongue, all the force and sweetness of Menander.

Upon the subversion of the Roman empire by the barbarians of the north, the vast influx of brutality and sotted ignorance, trampled on literature, and put all its professors to

flight.—The drama vanished with them.—Time wore on through the middle ages, while a savage austerity, or monastic dreams, seemed to have usurped the cheerfulness of classic elegance, and to mock the religion they avowed, by disgraceful caprices, foreign from her purity.—The Thespian cast was again resumed; and so continued, to the outrage of good sense and common decency, till in England it was put down by royal edict in the reign of Edward the Third.—But the writers of holy mysteries were yet permitted; and the sacred characters of divine writ were daily burlesqued and profaned.

Such, then, was the prevailing darkness, until the ascending glories of Shakspeare and of Jonson, rose upon the horizon. Day now opened upon the world; genius flamed in the firmament: and the whole land seemed to heave, to imbibe the vivifying warmth, which of a sudden appeared to spread before every sterile object with fruit and flowers.—With Jonson, literature had taken its throne again.—With Shakspeare, the virtues, the graces, came forth; and all that was great and exemplary in the characters of men.—But those two stars set for awhile.—Vanbrugh and Southern, with Farquhar, and others like unto them, took possession of the theatre, and threw a dismal, a dangerous shadow, over its scenes: for they laid them with pit-falls.—In short, the violence which they used to the unguarded purity of the muse, has since been falsely, and stupidly, imputed to her own innate propensities.—But it cannot be the genius of the drama to be immoral; her source is in nature; and, like her original, she must in the end be profitable to those who study her—that is, when left to her own natural march.—The evil that has been imputed to herself, arises from the unhappy influence of those pre-eminent personages, whose high titles ought rather to be never-silent memorials of the cause and end of their elevation.—Charles the Second, with such men as Buckingham and Rochester, corrupted in themselves, extended the malignant spirit to the people, and forced it on the stage.

In opposition to these treasons against the empire, not more of morality, than the feelings of a gentleman, appeared a little army of worthies; amongst whom, Addison and Steele, with Rowe, Thompson, and later writers, have given trage-

dies and comedies to the world, deserving its highest plaudits.—But vigorously as these authors have struggled on the side of propriety and just taste, they are even yet in the back-ground.—What then must we say, but that it would be well if those numbers, calling themselves the public, and who are so prone to denounce the general folly, or tedium, of the theatre, would, in the particular instances of its renewed attempts to introduce good sense, fine taste, purity of morals, and elevation of sentiment,—if these persons would hail such attempts with heart and hands, instead of wearying at scenes, however blameless, which are not laden with bombast and pageantry.

D.

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APRIL.

APRIL is derived from Aprilis, of *aperio*, I open; because the earth, in this month, begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables.

1st. ALL, OR, AULD FOOL'S DAY.—On this day every body strives to make as many fools as he can: the wit chiefly consists in sending persons on what are called sleeveless errands; for the history of Eve's mother, for pigeon's milk, stirrup oil, and similar ridiculous absurdities. The origin of these absurd customs may be traced to the example set at Court of having a fool or jester, who was licensed to say what he pleased, even to Majesty itself, without any offence being taken; and the people, considering themselves free to exercise their jocular faculties upon one another, without exciting anger, established an "All Fools' Day;" or a day upon which every one had equal liberty to exert his powers of mockery, deception, and every species of waggish drollery.

15th. MAUNDY THURSDAY.—This day is called, in Latin, dies Mandati, the day of the command, being the day on which our Lord washed the feet of his disciples, as recorded in the second lesson. This practice was long kept up in the monasteries. After the ceremony, liberal donations were



made to the poor, of clothing and of silver money, and refreshments were given them, to mitigate the severity of the fast. A relic of this custom is still preserved in the donations dispensed at Whitehall-chapel, on that day, by the King's Almoner, to as many poor persons as the King is years' old. They consist of woollen and linen cloth, shoes, stockings, five three-penny loaves each, salt salmon, cod, and herrings, wooden cups of ale and wine; and lastly, a piece of gold, and as many silver pennies, to each individual, as the Monarch has numbered years.

16th. **GOOD FRIDAY.**—This day commemorates the sufferings of Christ, as a propitiation for our sins.—Holy Friday, or the Friday in Holy Week, was its ancient and general appellation; the name Good Friday, is peculiar to the English Church. It was observed as a day of extraordinary devotion. Buns, with crosses upon them, are usually eaten in London, and some other places, on this day, at breakfast. This is a fragment of the superstition of our forefathers; who probably first received the practice from the custom among the Greeks, who used to make presents of coloured eggs, and cakes of Easter-bread, at this season.

18th. **EASTER DAY.**—Easter is styled by the fathers the highest of all festivals, the feast of feasts, the queen of festivals, and Dominica Gaudii, the joyous Sunday. Masters granted freedom to their slaves at this season, and valuable presents were made to the poor. Anciently, the first dish that was brought up to table on Easter day, was a red-herring riding away on horseback; i. e. a herring ordered by the cook something after the likeness of a man on horseback, set in a corn salad.—The custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter (which is still kept up in many parts of England,) was founded on this, viz. to shew their abhorrence of Judaism at that solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection.

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REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SALVATOR ROSA. By Lady Morgan. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1824.

SALVATOR ROSA was a man of real genius. He is generally known as a painter of distinguished eminence in an age and country, in which the art he cultivated was in its most flourishing state; but he was also an engraver, a musician, a theatrical performer, and a writer of both poetry and prose; and in each of those capacities he displayed talents of no common occurrence. When we add to this, that he was not only a bold and original thinker, but likewise a busy actor in the political convulsions which disturbed his country, no more need be said to prove, that if any deficiency of interest attaches to the volumes before us, it cannot be attributed to the nature of the subject on which Lady Morgan has chosen to expatiate.

This great artist was the son of Antonio Rosa, an obscure but industrious practitioner of architecture and land-surveying, in the small village of Renella, in the kingdom of Naples, where Salvator was born in the year 1615. He was destined by his parents for the ecclesiastical profession, and received an education superior to what might otherwise have fallen to his lot. But his genius broke through the restraints which accident had imposed on him. At the age of sixteen, he suddenly left the seminary in which he had been placed, and at first devoted himself to the study of music, in which he attained great proficiency, and became a skilful composer. But an event occurred which inspired him with the love of painting, and to that art he henceforth chiefly dedicated his talents.

The elder sister of Salvator Rosa was married to Francesco Francanzani, a "painter, who, though through life unknown to fortune, was not even then unknown to fame."—"This union, and still more a sympathy of talent and character between the brothers-in-law, frequently carried Salvator to the stanza, or work-room of Francesco." Here he sometimes amused himself in copying whatever pleased his fancy in the pictures of that artist; and his latent genius thus awakened, his sketches were so much admired that he was easily persuaded to adopt painting as a profession. But his taste was formed more from

the study of nature among the wilds of the Appennines, than from humble imitation of the works of others. Wandering about the forests, rocks, and glens, of his native country, among the peasantry and banditti, his mind and memory became familiar with those scenes of terrible magnificence, which the future productions of his pencil exhibit. Returning to Naples on the death of his father, Salvator was obliged to labour for the support of his destitute family; and for some time he found it difficult to procure a subsistence for them, from the hasty sale of his pictures and sketches. But he was not destined always to toil thus in obscurity.

"It happened that as the Cavaliere Lanfranco was returning one day in his splendid equipage from *La Chiesa del Gesu* to his lodgings by *La Strada della Carita*, he was struck by a picture in oil which hung outside the shop-door of a *revenditore*, with other odds and ends of second-hand wares. Lanfranco stopped his carriage, and ordered *Antonio Richieri*, his favorite pupil, to alight, and bring him the painting which had attracted his attention. The *revenditore* was struck by an honour so little to be expected. The carriage of the great Signor Cavaliere Lanfranco stopping before his miserable bulk, was a distinction to excite the envy of all his compeers in the *Strada della Carita*; and he came forward with many gesticulations of respect, wiping the dust from a painting on canvas, four palms in length, which had lain for weeks unnoticed at his shop-door; while 'hells' and 'purgatories,' saints and martyrs, had gone off with successful rapidity.

"Lanfranco took the picture into his carriage; and a nearer inspection convinced him of the accuracy of his first rapid decision. It was labelled '*Istoria di Agar e del suo figlio languenti per la seta.*'"

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"There was in the conception of this picture a tone of deep and powerful feeling, a gloomy and melancholy originality, which probably struck on the imagination of Lanfranco even more than its execution. He sought for the name of the painter, who was evidently of no school, who copied no master, and whose manner was all his own; and in a corner he perceived a superscription unknown to fame, and by its diminutive termination almost consigned to ridicule. It was '*Salvatoriello.*'" The *revenditore* either could not, or would not,



give any intelligence concerning the painter; and Lanfranco, paying without hesitation the price demanded, carried home the picture in his carriage, and gave general orders to the pupils to purchase all they saw bearing the signature of *Salvatoriello*, without reservation. When he departed for Rome, Hagar was the companion of his voyage, and became the chief ornament of his picture-gallery at La Vigna."

Having thus obtained notice and patronage, he was induced to remove to Rome, where he at length established his reputation and fame. Thus raised by his talents to a degree of independance, the native fierceness of his disposition displayed itself. Lady Morgan relates some amusing anecdotes, which serve to illustrate the character of the painter.

"A Roman noble endeavouring one day to drive a hard bargain with him, he coolly interrupted him to say, that, till the picture was finished, he himself did not know its value; observing, 'I never bargain, sir, with my pencil; for it knows not the value of its own labour before the work is finished. When the picture is done, I will let you know what it costs, and then you may take it or not, as you please.'"

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"A Roman prince, more notorious for his pretensions to *virtu* than for liberality to artists, sauntering one day in Salvator's gallery in the Via Babbuina, paused before one of his landscapes, and after a long contemplation of its merits, exclaimed, '*Salvator mio!* I am strangely tempted to purchase this picture;—tell me at once the lowest price?"

"'Two hundred scudi,' replied Salvator, carelessly.

"'Two hundred scudi! *ohime!* that is a price!—but we'll talk of it another time."

"The Illustrissimo took his leave; but, bent upon having the picture, he shortly returned, and again enquired 'the lowest price.'

"'Three hundred scudi!' was the sullen reply.

"'Corpo di Bacco!' cried the astonished prince, '*mi burla, vostra signoria*, you are joking; I see I must e'en wait upon your better humour; and so *addio*, Signor Rosa.'

"The next day brought back the prince to the painter's gallery; who, on entering, saluted Salvator with a jocose air, and added, 'Well, Signor Amico, how goes the market to-day? have prices risen or fallen?'

“ ‘Four hundred scudi is the price to-day!’ replied Salvator, with affected calmness; when, suddenly giving way to his natural impetuosity, and no longer stifling his indignation, he burst forth,—‘The fact is, your Excellency would not now obtain this picture from me at any price; and yet so little value do I put upon its merits, that I deem it worthy of no better fate than *this*; and snatching the pannel on which it was painted from the wall, he flung it to the ground, and with his foot broke it into an hundred pieces. ‘*His Excellency*’ made an unceremonious retreat, and returned no more to drive a hard bargain.

“The story, as usual, circulated through Rome, to the disadvantage of the compromising artist; and confirmed the character, which has still remained with him, of being ‘*un cervello indomito e feroce*,’ a hot-brained and desperate fellow.”

(*To be continued.*)

DUKE CHRISTIAN OF LUNEBURG, or Tradition from the Hartz. By Miss Jane Porter. In three Volumes. London, 1824. 12mo. Longman.

THE name and talents of Miss Jane Porter must be familiar to all, who can boast of an acquaintance with modern literature. Her *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, is a tale which cannot be read without admiration of the taste and genius of the author. “Christian of Luneburg,” is certainly inferior, in some points, to that very popular work; but it displays the same style and manner, and inculcates the same system of pure morality which runs through all the productions of this lady’s pen, and forms one of their strongest recommendations.—These volumes contain an historical romance, the scene of which is laid partly in England, and partly on the continent of Europe. The period to which the events are referred is the reign of our James the First: and Duke Christian, who figures as the principal hero, (for there are three,) was a leader of the Protestant party in the religious disputes which convulsed the German empire in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

There are several passages in this publication, which we should be strongly tempted to lay before our readers, if our limits would admit them. But we the less regret their exclusion as we can strongly recommend the whole work to the perusal of our readers in general, as one which can scarcely fail to interest the imagination and improve the mind.

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Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

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**CAPTAIN PARRY.**—The Journal of the Second Voyage of this enterprising Navigator, is about to make its immediate appearance.

**Chinese Literature.**—Though the Asiatic dominions of the Emperor of Russia border on China, his subjects have hitherto contributed but little towards a knowledge of the Chinese Empire. But the Archimandrite Hyacinthus, who has lately returned to Russia, after a long residence at Peking, is said to have composed several works relative to the history, antiquities, and general learning of the Chinese; and there is reason to believe that the Emperor Alexander will cause these productions to be printed.

**John Kemble.**—A Life of the late Mr. Kemble may be expected from the pen of Mr. James Boaden. It will, as might be concluded from the character and talents of the writer, contain much interesting intelligence relative to the history of the Drama.

**Goethe.**—A translation of the memoirs of the veteran Goethe, the author of the *Sorrows of Werter*, written by himself, is preparing for publication.

**The Royal Society of Literature.**—A list has just been made public of the Royal Associates of this new literary institution. Their names are as follow:—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Rev. Edward Davies, Rev. John Jamieson, Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus, Thomas James Mathias, James Millingen, Sir William Onseley, William Roscoe, Rev. Henry John Todd, Sharon Turner. These Gentlemen, who are well known as public writers of the highest distinction, are entitled to equal shares of his Majesty's munificent donation of £1000 per annum.

**Mr. T. E. Bowditch.**—This gentleman, who long resided on the western coast of Africa, of which he published an interesting account, died not long since in that country. He was a native of Bristol, and was born in 1793.

**Mrs. Sophia Lee.**—The authoress of "The Recess, a Tale of other Times," "The Hermit's Tale," "The Chapter of Accidents," a Comedy, and other works of imagination, died on the 13th of this month, at Clifton, near Bristol. She was the daughter of Mr. John Lee, a performer at Covent-garden Theatre, and sister of Mrs. Harriet Lee, authoress of "Canterbury Tales," &c. &c.

**Professor Schlegel.**—The King has been pleased to patronize Prof. Schlegel's intended publication intitled "Ramayana," by allowing his Majesty's name to be placed at the head of the list of Subscribers.

**Musical Phenomenon.**—George Aspull, a boy eight years old, has exhibited very extraordinary talents as a musician. He plays, on the harpsichord, the most difficult pieces at sight; and his voluntaries, or extemporary compositions, manifest much taste and genius. He has been introduced to the King; and had the honour to entertain his Majesty and a select party, who were most highly gratified by his performance.

**New Discovery.**—Mr. Perkins, the inventor of the art of Steel Engraving, has found out a method of discharging cannon by the expansive force of steam.

"The Loves of the Colours, and other Poems," are announced for publication.



## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,

FOR MARCH, 1824.

**PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.**—The most prominent proceedings of Parliament, during the past month, are, the measures about to be adopted, relative to the Silk-trade, and the plans about to be pursued, to ameliorate the condition of the Negro slaves, in Trinidad, St. Lucia, and Demerara.

That part of the alterations in the silk-laws, which is intended to legalize the importation of foreign-manufactured silks, subject to an *ad valorem* duty of thirty per cent., has been strongly, but ineffectually, opposed by the silk-manufacturers; their remonstrances, however, obtained from ministers, a drawback of nearly the whole of the duties paid on all raw or thrown silk, warehoused under the king's lock, at the risk of the parties, on the 25th of March; and of one-half of the bounties on the exportation of silk-manufactures, provided the said manufactures (being wholly of silk, and uncut), be warehoused, on or before the 5th of April, under the king's lock, and taken out, for home consumption, within thirty days from that date. The prohibitions on the importation of silk manufactures will cease and determine on the 5th day of July, 1826. The reduction of the duties on raw and thrown silk took place on the 24th ult. These measures are intended to have a two-fold beneficial effect; first, by decreasing the duties, to increase home consumption, and enable the manufacturer to compete with foreign markets; and, secondly, by taking off the prohibitions on foreign-manufactured silks, to induce other nations to remove some of their restrictions on the importation of British manufactures; and thus open the way to a more liberal policy, and to a free trade.

Mr. Canning's bill, for the more effectual suppression of the African slave-trade, will, if it pass in its proposed form, constitute trading in slaves, by British subjects, or in British ships, an act of piracy: and render all parties implicated in that nefarious traffic, liable to the penalties consequent on piracy. In his able, and truly-eloquent speech, on moving for leave to bring in the bill, he noticed the regulations

enforced by an order in Council, and now adopted in Trinidad, St. Lucia, and Demerara, for the amelioration of the present slaves, and gradual abolition of slavery altogether. Our other colonies having a legislative assembly of their own, are to be left to themselves, in the hope that they will, of their own accord, follow the example set them by these three islands. These regulations are as follow:—1. The use of the whip, so indecent and shocking, is utterly abolished, in regard to female slaves.—2. The whip is no longer to be borne by the driver in the field; to be no longer employed as a summary punishment of the male negroes; to be wholly laid aside as a stimulus to labour; and resorted to only as a chastisement for misbehaviour, deliberately proved and recorded.—3. Ample provision is to be made for the religious instruction of the negroes, by the appointment of two bishops, with a body of regular clergymen under them.—4. Marriage is to be encouraged, families never to be separated, and the property of the slave is to be protected by positive law.—5. Banks are to be established, in which the slave may deposit his earnings; the money so placed to be sacred, at all times, from the master's grasp.—6. The testimony of slaves, under certain limitations, depending on personal character, is to be received in all civil cases, except when the master's immediate interests are concerned; and in all criminal cases, except when the life of a white person is involved.—7. The slave who has acquired a certain sum of money, is to have the power of purchasing his own freedom, or that of his wife, or child; and thus the father may become, as it is fit he should, the instrument of liberty to his own offspring. The perusal of these excellent regulations cannot but give pleasure to our benevolent readers; and the only regret they will elicit, will be, that they are *not to be* enforced in all our colonies. Earnestly do we pray, that the time will arrive, when the term "slave" will be known only in remembrance; and the first step toward that desired moment, we cannot help considering, would be, the general enforcement of the above order in Council.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—On the 10th, his Majesty, whose health, we are happy to state, is much improved, held a levee at his palace, in Pall-Mall, which was not so numerously attended as was expected; probably owing to the

short notice in the Gazette. After the levee had broken up, his Majesty left town for Windsor.

The new London-Bridge has at length been commenced. In the early part of the month, the first pile was sunk, amidst the shouts of the multitude assembled on both sides of the river, and on the western side of the old bridge, to witness the commencement of this important undertaking. The diving-bell, in which the architect, and several other persons, have, at various times, in the course of the month, descended to the bottom of the river, and remained there for two hours at a time, was an object of considerable curiosity.

Mr. Conolly, and others, were put on their trial on Thursday, the 4th, for the alleged murder of James Grainge, at Shenley-hill, on the 31st December last. The unfortunate deceased, our readers will remember, was the officer shot by Mr. Conolly, while endeavouring to apprehend him, upon a magistrate's warrant. After a patient investigation of the whole of the proceedings connected with this unfortunate business, the jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against Patrick Conolly, as principal, and Hugh Moran, as accessory thereto. At the conclusion of the trial, Mr. Justice Best passed sentence of *transportation for life*, upon Conolly, and of six months' hard labour in the House of Correction on Hugh Moran.—A petition to his Majesty, for the mitigation of the sentence passed on Conolly, was prepared, and after obtaining upwards of a thousand signatures, including those of many officers in the army and navy, was forwarded to his Majesty, but the Secretary of State having seen no reason to differ in opinion from the learned Judge, by whom the sentence was pronounced, the convict has been forwarded to his destination.

At the Cumberland Lent assizes, W. C. Hobson brought an action against Miss Anne Ismay, to recover damages, for a Breach of Promise of Marriage. A verdict was returned for the plaintiff: Damages, £50; costs, 40s.

A shoemaker of Leeds, in the early part of the month, drowned his infant child, a boy of about eight months old, in a tub of water, in the cellar of his house. He fled as soon as he had committed the murder, but on the following evening, overpowered by the agony of remorse, he surrendered himself to the police.

At the Lancaster Assizes, Miss Sarah Rose brought an



action against Mr. Ollier, for the recovery of damages for a Breach of Promise of Marriage. The plaintiff is a young lady, about twenty-two years of age, and of great beauty, and accomplishments; she is the daughter of a gentleman of property, at Northend, near Manchester. The defendant, is a gentleman who holds a public situation of about £400 a-year. The court was crowded with ladies, and the jury returned a verdict for the young lady; Damages, £400.

The death of Eugene Beauhornois, Prince of Eichstadt, and son of the late Empress Josephine, by her former husband, took place at Munich, on the 21st of February.

The sufferings of the new settlers at the Cape of Good Hope, have excited the commiseration of their friends at home. A most gratifying list of subscription has been published, amounting to nearly two thousand pounds. We trust, however, they have many more friends yet to step forward, for their dreadful situation needs all the assistance pecuniary aid can bestow. They have been placed in their present perilous situation, by the following unforeseen causes, viz. 1. Three successive failures in their crops of corn and vegetables, occasioned by blight and long-continued drought. 2. repeated losses from the depredations of their dreadful neighbours, the Caffres. And, 3. An overwhelming inundation in October last.

Mr. Smith, the Missionary, lately convicted of exciting the negroes of Demarara to revolt, expired on the 6th of February, of a broken heart, in the colonial gaol of that place: the pardon of his Majesty reached the governor at the time the unfortunate man was in the agonies of death; and who, consequently, expired unacquainted with this gratifying knowledge.—this honourable testimonial of innocence.

An official note, from Mr. Secretary Canning, to Sir Wm. A'Court, dated Jan. 30th, has been handed about the diplomatic circles. It is an important document, inasmuch as it clearly defines the views of our Government, relative to the South-American Colonies. It states, that, if Spain, by her own means, unassisted by any other power, shall attempt the recovery of her South-American Colonies, Great Britain will, in that case, preserve a strict neutrality; but if any other power shall assist, or interfere, in any manner whatever, the recognition of the independence of the New States would be immediate and decided.

## THE DRAMA.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Nothing new has been produced here during the present month, except a burlesque piece, intitled "*Rumfustian Innamorato*," which may be characterized as a most lamentable failure. It is an obvious imitation of "*Bombastes Furioso*." Such trifles as these are not at all adapted for the regular stage; and we are happy to say, the audience at Drury-Lane showed their taste, in rejecting the vulgar nonsense offered to them on this occasion.

The late exhibitions here, have chiefly consisted of the works of Shakspeare; to which we can only object that they are sometimes mutilated and interpolated, in a manner which can only fit them for the amusement of the most *exalted* portion of the audience: and if this rage for the alteration of our standard dramas should continue, we shall expect to see the *tragedies* of our immortal bard, all manufactured into melo-dramas, and his *comedies* into musical farces; a consummation most devoutly to be deprecated.

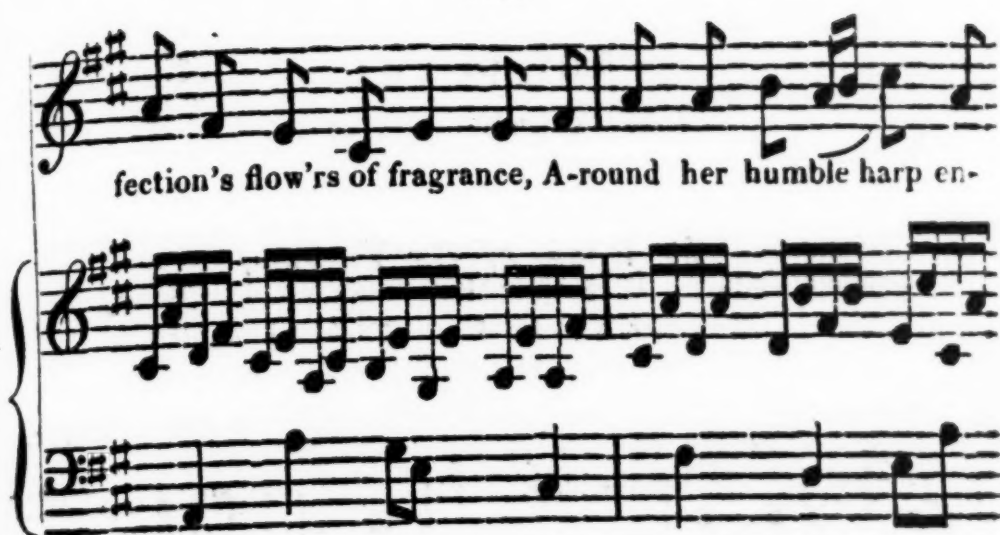
## COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

On the 4th of the month, a new comedy was acted here, intitled "*Pride shall have a Fall*." There is, indeed, no novelty in the story of this drama, nor have the characters any thing very striking, to recommend them. But in the present dearth of theatrical talent, it is some merit to have produced a comedy, which will bear repetition, and that merit is certainly due to the author of the piece before us.

The new opera of "*Native Land, or The Return from Slavery*," has had all the success which was anticipated.

## THE KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

Madame Catalani, after an absence of ten years, made her appearance on this stage, where she has been so often heard with delight. This great singer still retains full possession of those amiable powers of voice, which have placed her at the head of her profession. On the first occasion of her performance, the house was filled to suffocation; and, to use a common phrase, she was received with enthusiastic applause; but the curiosity and admiration of the musical public, have since somewhat abated, if we might judge from the comparative thinness of the audience.



Those flowers have been shaded  
 By cypress boughs from sunny skies,  
 Yet still they bloom unfaded,  
 Though adverse winds around them rise.  
 Though sorrow's tears oft dew them,  
 Bright joy shall shake them off to-day,  
 As thou, if thou couldst view them  
 With smiles would kiss them all away.

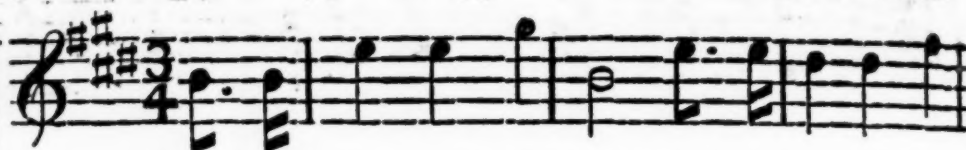


*The Banks of the Yarrow.*

A FAVORITE GLEE.

*Moderato.*

DR. CALLCOTT.



WHILE the moon-beams all bright give a lus - tre to



WHILE the moon-beams all bright give a lus - tre to



WHILE the moon-beams all bright give a lus - tre to



night, I'll weep on his dwell - ing so narrow, And



night, I'll weep on his dwell - ing so narrow, And



night, I'll weep on his dwell - ing so narrow, And



high o'er his grave, the wil - low trees wave, Who died

high o'er his grave, the wil-low trees wave, Who died

high o'er his grave, the wil - low trees wave, Who died



on the banks of the Yar-row. 'Twas un - der

on the banks of the Yar-row. 'Twas un - der

on the banks of the Yar-row. 'Twas un - der



this shade, hand in hand as we stray'd, 'Twas

this shade, hand in hand as we stray'd, 'Twas

this shade, in hand as we stray'd, 'Twas

un - der this shade hand in hand as we stray'd,

un - der this shade hand in hand as we stray'd

un - der this shade in hand as we stray'd,

he fell by the flight of an ar - row, And fast from

he fell by the flight of an ar - row, And fast from

he fell by the flight of an ar - row, And fast from

the wound his blood stain'd the ground, Who died on the

the wound his blood stain'd the ground, Who died on the

the wound his blood stain'd the ground, Who died on the

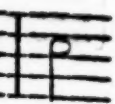




stray'd,



stray'd



stray'd,



fast from



fast from



fast from



on the



on the



on the



*Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for April*

*Invented by Miss Pierpont, Edward Street, Tottenham, Square.*

*Published by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.*

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR APRIL, 1824.

—  
WALKING DRESS.

A PELISSE of Pomona green *Gros de Naples*: it is lined throughout with white sarsnet, and finished round the bottom of the skirt, and up the fronts, with a flat *rouleau*. The collar is made full all over, and fastens close to the throat: the sleeve fits tight to the arm, and is finished with a full epaulette of the same material, intermixed with a tasteful trimming: the cuffs to correspond.—Bonnet of *Gros de Naples*, the colour of the pelisse: it is ornamented with bunches of roses, and bows of the same material. The front is rather open and the crown low; it is lined with pink, and a bunch of flowers placed on the left side.

Limerick gloves and boots to correspond with the colour of the dress.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of white *crêpe lisse*, over a pink satin slip; the bottom of the skirt has a full puffing of satin, and is surmounted with three satin *rouleaux*, fastened with bows at equal distances; above, is placed a handsome chain trimming; the whole forming an elegant drapery. The body is cut rather low, and is finished round the bust with a lace tucker; the sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the bottom of the dress, and are finished with a fall of Urling's lace.

Head-dress: the hair is arranged *à la Savigné*, with a gold diadem placed in front, and a bunch of roses on the left side. The whole is finished with a beautiful plume of white ostrich feathers. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

These elegant dresses were invented by Miss PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.



GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

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THE heavy garb of winter is now rapidly giving way to the lighter attire of spring. Velvet pelisses have almost disappeared; cloth ones are still partially worn, but silk pelisses are very general. Among the novel articles for spring fashions, we think our fair readers will find the following most worthy of their attention. A pelisse of bright grass-green Levantine; the back is plain, very narrow at the bottom of the waist, and finished by acorns of the same colour.—The trimming consists of a row of tulip leaves of the same colour, but corded with satin a shade darker; the pelisse fastens on the right side, and the trimming, which is very much raised, goes round the bottom and up the right side to the throat. The collar and the bottom of the sleeve are cut at the edge to resemble a leaf trimming: the epaulette consists of a fulness of satin confined by three tulip leaves, which meet in the centre of the arm.—The bonnet worn with this elegant pelisse, is of the same material, lined with white satin, and finished by an intermixture of white satin and green gauze at the edge of the brim, which is small and rather of the cottage shape: the crown is low and round, surrounded by a wreath of white blossoms, placed high, and forming a diadem in front: strings of white and green figured riband.

Black bonnets, lined with black satin, are very fashionable in walking dress. They are of a very becoming size; the Mary Stuart brim seems more in favour than the close cottage front, so much worn of late. Flowers are now the favourite ornaments: in many instances, they are mixed with knots of the same material as the bonnet, but sometimes they form the only decoration.

High dresses of poplin, trimmed with bands of satin, through which are drawn satin puffs of the crescent form, are in great favour, for carriage dress.—Morning dresses are now very

generally made without collars, and in many instances not quite up to the throat; they are worn with *collarettes* of worked muslin, or our imitation of foreign lace. Sometimes a small kerchief with a deep frill, falling over, is substituted for a *collarette*. An Urling's lace *cornette* of a simple and becoming form, is an indispensable appendage to morning dress.

We have been much pleased with a dinner dress of white *Gros de Naples*, the trimming of which is very novel and pretty: it is composed of lozenge puffs of blond net; they are made very full, edged by a bias band of pink satin, attached by bows of the same material, and ornamented with a small rosette composed of satin in the centre of each puff: a very broad wadded satin tuck surmounts this elegant trimming.

Cornettes of different forms, but all with low cauls, are generally worn both in morning and half dress. In the former, they are composed of Urling's lace; in the latter, of blond net trimmed with blond lace: they are ornamented with spring flowers, satin, and flowered gauze ribands: these latter are of a new and really beautiful pattern.

White and coloured gauze, and tulle over satin to correspond, are much worn in evening dress parties: the trimming of the skirt is formed by a fulness of coloured gauze, entwined with pearls: the *corsage* is of satin, and cut very low.

The fashionable colours are, various shades of green, lavender, deep blue, amber, crimson, and azure.

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#### THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THE promenade dresses of the Parisian *belles*, for the last month, have presented much variety, but little novelty. Mantles and pelisses are still worn; but they are not so fashionable as *redingotes* of silk. These latter are without any other envelope than a palatine of Chinchilla, or swansdown. The *cor-*

*sage* and skirt are in one, with the fulness principally drawn to the middle of the back. Early as it is in the season, light materials have already appeared for *chapeaux*; not only white satin, and white *Gros de Naples*, but gauze and *crêpe lisse* are worn. The most fashionable bonnets are composed of an intermixture of velvet and satin, of two very strongly contrasted colours. The only trimming is a full bow, with long ends, placed just over the left ear. Flowers of the season are also worn.

White, rose, and azure crape, gauze, or tulle, over satin, are the materials used by the *élégantes*. The favourite trimming is an intermixture of flowers and tulle; the tulle quilled in a full *ruche*, and wreathed with roses, forming a very light and pretty chain. It is surmounted by a broad *rouleau*, to which bouquets of flowers are attached at regular distances.

Very young ladies have gowns of white, or rose coloured *crêpe*, trimmed with *bouillonée*, made very full, and interspersed with rosettes of another colour. The sleeves and the trimming of the *corsage* correspond; the rosettes must be of a similar colour with the flowers, which form the *cœffure*; the bouquet is now an indispensable appendage to full dress.

Turbans are generally composed of two materials, one of which is usually gold or silver gauze; the other velvet, or satin, of a colour strongly contrasting with that of the gauze. Caps are worn also in evening dress. A favourite *cœffure* consists of three bouquets of roses of different colours, one placed just above the other, and the third between the two large knots of hair on the crown of the head. The hair is worn in very large full curls on the temples. Coloured gems of every description are greatly worn; they are intermixed with gold, and always correspond with the colour of the dress.

The most fashionable colours are *ponçeau*, cerulean blue, *mignonette* green, rose colour, and crimson.



THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

MEDITATION,  
An Elegy.

WRAPT in the shade where Meditation lies,  
And holds a mental intercourse above;  
Come, TRUTH, and teach a bosom to be wise,  
Which mourns, too long, for disappointed love.

What art thou, wond'rous impulse of Desire,  
Which blooming Hope so pleasingly has drest?  
Or, whence proceeds the involuntary fire,  
Which burns so fiercely in the human breast?

Sweet, inconsistent offspring of the sky,  
The latent cause, in tenderness, declare;  
Nor force the heart eternally to sigh,  
And yet conceal the motives of despair.

If Myra's face in every charm is drest,  
Why am I doomed incessantly to pine?  
Or shall the coldness of another's breast,  
Create this sharp anxiety in mine?

Alas! since Being smiled upon the morn,  
And Nature saw how excellent it rose,  
Thy race, O man! to misery was born,  
And doomed to bear probationary woes.

Too easy Nature, indolently kind,  
From fate's severe restrictions to depart,  
Gave man a passive gentleness of mind,  
And beauty sole dominion o'er his heart.

And yet the pang of never hoping Love,  
To time's last moment destin'd to conceal,  
Is not the only sorrow we must prove,  
The only sorrow we are doomed to feel:

A latent train of Hydra-headed woes,  
From life a dearer benefit hath stole,  
Destroyed the only glimmer of repose,  
And damped the choicest blessings of the soul.

Perhaps e'en now some high distinguish'd name,  
Raised up by fortune and enriched by place;  
Starts from some new imaginary shame,  
Or only slumbers to a fresh disgrace.

Perhaps, now tortured on imperial down,  
Some sceptred mourner languishes his hour;  
And sinks beneath the burthen of a crown,  
The slave of greatness, and the wretch of pow'r.

Some ill-starred youth, whose melancholy moan,  
Has vainly sounded in unpitying ears,  
Now weeps, perhaps, in bitterness alone,  
And gives a lavish freedom to his tears.

Science, which left him polished and refined,  
Has given a new occasion to complain;  
As knowledge only has enlarged his mind,  
To make it more susceptible of pain.

No hand, alas! its kind assistance lends,  
To drive misfortune from his lonely door;  
For when, O when, did wretchedness make friends,  
Or who will seek acquaintance with the poor?

Perhaps some virgin is this moment led,  
All sicklied over with dejected charms;  
Compelled to languish in a hated bed,  
And seem quite happy in detested arms.

How dread a picture Meditation brings  
Of life's unceasing wretchedness below;  
When the long chain and ordinance of things,  
Appear so fraught with wretchedness and woe.

Yet rest, my soul! submissively, O rest,  
Nor think that virtue hath been treated hard:  
The world was made to prove it in the breast,  
And not alone intended to reward.

The great first Cause, all gracious, has designed,  
His endless transports for a world of bliss;  
To crown a moral rectitude of mind,  
And bless obedient righteousness in this.

Whatever ills in this uncertain state,  
Man may frequently have shared and known,  
Spring from no wish, or negligence of fate,  
But some unhappy error of his own.

Then all resigned, O let him pour his breath,  
And kiss the sharp but salutary rod;  
Nor though condemned in bitterness to smart,  
Presume to throw the blame upon his God.

A. M.

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### THE NEWSPAPER;

OR,

*Ready-made Ideas.*


---

I SING not of a tale of woe,  
That happ'd some ninety years ago;  
I urge a theme that all must know—

THE PAPER.

At morn when tea and toast appear,  
And to the table all draw near,  
What gives a zest to welcome cheer?

THE PAPER.

In vain the urn is hissing hot,  
In vain rich Hyson stores the pot,  
If the vile Newsman has forgot

THE PAPER.

What is't can draw the vicar's eye,  
E'en from the tithe-pig smoking by,  
To mark some vacant rectory?

THE PAPER.

What is't attracts the optic pow'rs  
Of ensign gay, when fortune show'rs  
Down prospects of "a step" in "ours?"

THE PAPER.

What is't can make the man of law,  
Neglect the deed or plea to draw—  
*Ca, sa.—Fi, fa.* Indictment, flaw?

THE PAPER.



What is't can soothe his clients' woe,  
And make him quite forgot John Doe,  
Nor think on Mister Richard Roe?

THE PAPER.

What is't absorbs the wealthy cit,  
The half-pay sub, the fool, the wit,  
The toothless aunt, the forward chit,

THE PAPER.

What is't informs the country round,  
What's stol'n or stray'd, what's lost or found,  
Who's born, and who's put under ground?

THE PAPER.

What tells you all that's done and said,  
The fall of beer, and rise of bread,  
And what fair lady's brought to bed?

THE PAPER.

What is't tells of plays and balls,  
Almack's, and gas-lights, and St. Paul's,  
And gamblers caught by Mr. Halls?

THE PAPER.

What is't narrates full many a story,  
Of Mr. Speaker, Whig, and Tory,  
And heroes all agog for glory?

THE PAPER.

What is it gives the price of stocks,  
Of Poyais loans, and patent locks,  
And wine at the West-India Docks?

THE PAPER.

What tells you too who kill'd or hurt is,  
When turtles fresh arriv'd, whose skirt is  
Much relish'd by Sir William Curtis?

THE PAPER.

What speaks of thieves and purses taken,  
And murders done, and maids forsaken,  
And average price of Wiltshire bacon?

THE PAPER.

Abroad, at home, infirm or stout,  
In health, or raving with the gout,  
Who possibly can do without

THE PAPER?

Its worth and merits then revere,  
And since it can your tedium cheer,  
Think not you e'er can buy too dear

THE PAPER.

---

ON THE EXPECTED DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DOG CALLED  
MARQUIS.

---

WHEN the cold hand of unrelenting death  
Shall rob poor Marquis of his fleeting breath;  
Then as a model for the times to come,  
Place, if you will, this record on his tomb:—

---

Here lies poor Marquis—without pomp or state,  
Who led a life unusual with the great;  
Regardless of the smiles, or frowns of courts,  
He followed nature and enjoy'd her sports.  
Rather than bow before corruption's throne,  
He thought it dignity to pick a bone;  
Rich wines and sauces he consider'd vain,  
Nature's pure spring to him was gay Champagne.  
With such unerring fortitude to guide,  
He spurn'd at luxury, and knew no pride;  
Was in each action of his life so just,  
He ne'er was known to vary from his trust.  
Faithful in friendship—he well knew its pow'r,  
And shew'd attachment to his latest hour;  
Thus he grew honor'd as he grew in years,  
And knew no equal in the House of Peers.

ANNA MARIA.

---

TO A BED OF EARLY PRIMROSES.

---

RETIRE, sweet flower! nor dare to rise  
Amid those wastes of drifted snow:  
Ah! trust not yonder wintry skies,  
Nor trust that sun-beam's transient glow.

Alas! that orb's deceitful cast  
Emits a false and fleeting ray;  
Soon comes the howling wintry blast,  
And all your blooming sweets decay.

Sweet flowers, why droop your fading heads  
With winter's chilly dews opprest?  
Oh! haste and leave your humble beds,  
To deck my gentle Mary's breast.

Come, beauteous flowers! oh timely come!

Ere yet the blast has laid you low,  
There shall ye find a friendlier tomb,  
Than yonder dreary waste of snow.

For there no more the chilling blast,  
Upon your golden tints shall prey;  
Nor yonder orb, too faint to last,  
Inspire with hope, and then betray.

Then droop not thus your fading heads,  
With winter's chilly dew opprest;  
Ah! haste and leave your humble beds,  
To deck my gentle Mary's breast.

ANNETTE TURNER.

### TO MR. LACEY,

CONTAINING A SOLUTION TO HIS CHARADE.

MANY thanks, my dear sir, for your speedy reply:  
I thought on your kindness I well might rely,  
For you, who when writing can ne'er fail to please,  
Sure would never be silent on purpose to tease.  
You tell me I flatter; I do not indeed;  
I would say what I think, but I dare not proceed,  
Lest th' imparting my thoughts of my friend, should bereave me,  
Which would cause no small mortification, believe me.  
Though many may glance o'er my gingling rhyme,  
Who will think I intrude on their patience and time,  
And cry, oh! what nonsense! let's tear it, and burn it;  
I'll brave all their censure, if you do not spurn it.  
I'm a merry young maid, I love dancing and fiddles,  
And much I delight in conundrums and riddles;  
And since you, my dear sir, condescend to peruse,  
I'll continue to draw on my riddling muse.  
You'll believe me, I know, when you hear me aver,  
That I'm glad you are married, because I incur  
No shadow of blame, which the prudish might throw,  
O'er this trifling, addressed to a gay single beau.  
I am yet in my teens, so I need not despair,  
But my cap *may* succeed, if directed elsewhere.

THE storm was gone *past*, and the sun's cheering ray  
Illumin'd the path I was destin'd to stray;  
I sallied from home with a gay youthful band,  
The "Monthly Museum" unread in my hand.



You will say, it was strange, in this weather so freezing  
 That to leave a good fire with a *book* should be pleasing ;  
 But I'll tell you, to show that I am not insane,  
 'Twas that moment arrived, and I could not refrain  
 From peeping, in hopes that your name I might see,  
 When—I found an epistle, and written to me.  
 Overjoyed beyond measure, I was at the sight !  
 And *oral* the proofs which I gave of delight !  
 All the party at once cried, oh ! dear, sister Lou,  
 If it's by Mr. Lacey, let me read it too ;  
 And as I roam'd onward the *pastoral* glade,  
 Explain'd as I thought what your riddle convey'd ;  
 For though winter had stripp'd ev'ry leaf from each spray,  
 Enamel'd with ice they look'd brilliantly gay ;  
 I thought I had guess'd it, but if I have err'd,  
 You will greatly oblige me by sending me word.  
 And now, through compassion to others and you,  
 I'll end this epistle, and bid you adieu ;  
 For should not the editor think me a teaser,  
 He'll allow me to say, I'm your's, truly,

LOUISA.

March 5th.

## CHARADE.

My first implies many, whose views are the same,  
 Who unite in one purpose or cause ;  
 Now I'm certain that, this little word to proclaim,  
 You will need not a moment to pause.

My second, retired from the world's busy strife,  
 Has ceased its afflictions to weather ;  
 But a tear oft betrays, that the bitters of life  
 And its sweets are rejected together.

My third adds its din to the tumult of war,  
 Or the noise at a wake or a fair ;  
 Oft has followed in triumph the conqueror's car,  
 Or attended the feats of a bear.

My whole, though you'll say, it is trifling and light,  
 Oft employs a wise head for a time ;  
 And beguiles the long hours of a tedious night :  
 Now I challenge an answer in rhyme.

LOUISA.

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**Marriages.**

The Right Hon. and Rev. Lord John Thynne, to Anna Constantia, daughter of the Rev. C. C. Beresford, and niece to Mr. George Byng.

At Drayton Bassett, the Hon. Henley Eden, eldest son of Lord Henley, to Harriet, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

The Rev. W. J. Brodrick, son of the late Archbishop of Cashel, to the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Ann Perceval, daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.

On the 24 of March, at Mary-le-bonne Church, Sir W. E. Rouse Boughton, Bart., of Downton Hall, Shropshire, to Sarah, youngest daughter of Thomas Andrew Knight, esq., of Downton Castle, Herefordshire.

**Deaths.**

Sir Thomas Reid, Bart. an East India Director.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon. His Lordship, in addition to his title, as a British Peer, was a Count of the Kingdom of Prussia. He is succeeded in his titles, by his brother, the Hon. John Charles Villiers.

In London, aged 68, Mr. Violti, the celebrated violin player.

In Africa, Mr. Bowditch, the African traveller.

At Bath, Lady D'Arcy, wife of Lieut. Col. D'Arcy.

At Uxbridge, Mrs. Horne, widow of the Right Rev. George Horne, formerly Bishop of Norwich, and President of Magdalen College, Oxford.

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**NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

Lonisa will perceive that her poetical favours have been received; and, in part, approved—We do not recollect the song to which she refers; nor can we undertake the return of any papers, which, at the time of their being sent, are not specifically requested to be so dealt with, if not accepted.

The verses from "Northallerton," do not suit our work. Were their poetic merit equal to their moral worth, we should gladly insert them.

"The Fatalist" is intended for our next number.

"Mary Barlow's" letter has been received.

The essay on "Letter Writing" is far inferior to other productions of the same pen.—We should therefore do great injustice to the writer, were we to publish so hasty, and superficial a composition. The "Essay on Dwarfs" is in the printer's hands.

J. B. D.'s letter has been received—We would not willingly neglect an old friend, but we must, in some degree, *follow*, as well as *lead*, the public taste. The matter, however, is as yet *sub judice*.

The Essay of Eliza Catherine H—, has, on a second perusal, afforded us so much pleasure, that we have determined, notwithstanding its too great brevity, to insert it in a future number.

"Norry Ormond," (chap. I. and the continuation), has been received—It will meet an early insertion. We should be glad to receive the concluding chapters, before we commence its publication; and therefore request our esteemed correspondent to forward it, at her earliest leisure.

The poetical favours of an anonymous correspondent, are received, and we will give her note our early attention.

We think we may offer the present number of the Museum to our readers, as a pledge of our determination to render every succeeding one, the rival, if possible, of its predecessor, in variety, interest, and talent.

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*Painted by Hastings.*

*Engraved by T. Woollett.*

*Miss Catherine Tunstall.*

*Published May 1824, by Dean & Murday, Threadneedle Street.*